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The Week

THE last exchange of diplomatic notes between Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. de Valera is an example of keen diplomatic sharp shooting. Mr. de Valera accepted Mr. Lloyd George's invitation to a conference "to discuss how the association of Ireland with the community of nations known as the British empire can best be reconciled with Irish national aspirations," but with the provision that he did so as the representative of an independent and sovereign state. Thereupon Mr. Lloyd George cancelled the arrangements for a conference on the ground that if he accepted the formal statement of this claim "it would constitute an official recognition by His Majesty's Government of the severance of Ireland from the Empire, and of its existence as an independence republic." Mr. de Valera replied that to enter the conference without defining Ireland's position would leave her rights "irreparably prejudiced." "If there is to be any result, the negotiators must meet without prejudice and untrammelled by any conditions except those imposed by the facts as they know them." Mr. Lloyd George responded that "it

would be idle to say that a conference in which we had already met your delegates as representatives of an independent and sovereign state would be a conference 'without prejudice.'" Mr. de Valera telegraphed that he had accepted the invitation to conference in the exact words in which it was extended, pointing out that the Irish envoys would have precisely the status which he himself claimed in meeting Mr. Lloyd George. The latter's answer was a peremptory demand for the withdrawal of the offending paragraph in Mr. de Valera's original letter of acceptance.

ALL this emphasizes the difficulty which we pointed out last week as underlying the entire preliminary discussion, i. e. the difficulty of finding common ground. Neither party is willing to abandon its essential position previous to entering the conference. For a moment Mr. Lloyd George's invitation by means of a clever formula which included both "association with the Empire" and "Irish national aspirations" seemed to have opened the way, but Mr. de Valera promptly closed it. The point still at issue is whether the question of Irish independence is to be decided outside or inside the conference. Each party would like to win the decision outside and hold the conference on its own ground. But it is clear that if the association of Ireland with the Empire is to be a matter of free will and consent, the decision must take place inside the conference. It is hardly possible to doubt that if the conference is held, agreement will result. This being the case, neither side is justified in returning to force until the conference has been tried and has failed—and if tried it will not fail.

ACCORDING to current reports the State Department has practically completed negotiations with the Japanese Foreign Office whereby the two governments close out their controversy about the Island of Yap. The agreement provides for the

occupation of Yap by Japan under the League mandate, but for a cable landing at Yap and connecting with Guam and the Philippines which will be completely under American control. If these reports are true the State Department is to be congratulated on its expeditious and satisfactory disposition of this disagreeable and dangerous question. The best way of disposing of such controversies is usually by direct negotiation and the consent of both parties, and such a disposition could usually be obtained if either one of the negotiators honestly seeks to meet the interests and views of the other negotiator in so far as they are reasonable. If one party to a proposed bargain insists on demanding fifty-five percent, his opponent is usually betrayed into being equally unreasonable, but it is equally true that if the more powerful party insists on only fifty percent and understands the controversy well enough to know what the equivalent of fifty percent is, his attitude tends to cultivate a similarly amenable attitude in his opponent. What the State Department has accomplished with respect to Yap it should also be able to accomplish with respect to the outstanding difference over immigration.

THE authorities of West Virginia are apparently of the ancient Bourbon lineage. They learn nothing: they forget nothing. No sooner was the marching column of miners induced to turn back peaceably when Governor Morgan, whose peculiar incapacity has been evident throughout the disturbance, comes to the fore with the announcement that "every effort will be made to punish those responsible for inciting miners to treason and insurrection against the state." Accordingly three hundred and twenty-five persons have been indicted, including C. F. Keeney and Fred Mooney, president and secretary of the United Mine Workers, against whom the charge is murder. What Mr. Owens said in the last issue of the *New Republic* in regard to Hatfield—that "the most important thing . . . was that any punishment to be visited upon him should be at the hands of the law applied with unquestionable fairness"—applies in a higher degree to the leaders of the miners, whether they participated in the march, or like Keeney and Mooney, lent their influence to stopping it. But what possible guarantee is there of justice when the government, including the courts, is in the hands of one party to the quarrel? It is a mistake to say that the existence of free institutions is at stake. There are no free institutions concerned. The turning over of the function of government to Baldwin-Felts gunmen is only one sign of what has occurred. The ship of state has been

captured by a boarding crew which has run up the black flag, and set out on a voyage of piracy: and to talk in its name of "treason and insurrection" is sanctimonious nonsense.

IT is an indication of good sense on the part of the voters in New York City that the fusion candidates won by handsome majorities in the Republican primaries. The preliminary obstacles to an effective concentration of the anti-Tammany strength are now overcome; and it only remains to put before the voters the persuasive reasons why Mr. Curran and his associates are preferable to Mayor Hylan and his associates. Mr. Curran is putting up an able and vigorous campaign. He is running on a moderate and not illiberal platform and if elected he will be a competent administrator and he will furnish to the city capable and dignified political leadership. Considering the low standard which has recently prevailed in the selection of party candidates, the people of New York are lucky in having the opportunity to vote for such an honest and likable man as Mr. Curran. We most sincerely hope he will be elected.

SIGNS of serious distress from Berlin form the most disquieting development in European politics. The existing government is staggering under the severe political and economic pressure. The continued fall of the mark indicates that its fiscal and economic condition is going from bad to worse. In order to meet its obligations under the indemnity, the government, being unable to raise the money by taxation, is obliged to manufacture and sell more paper marks; and this continued inflation converts German business more than ever into speculation on the future value of the mark. The only certain result of this gambling is a steadily lowered standard of living for the great mass of the German people upon whose indefatigable labor the one hope of the recovery of Germany depends. Manifestly there is taking place a process of slow economic strangulation and it cannot continue much longer without bringing on some kind of a convulsion. The increasing boldness and violence of the reactionary pan-German groups probably afford the first preliminary symptoms of some new spasm of disorder.

APPARENTLY a fate similar to that which overtook its predecessors is awaiting the Wirth government. More than any other government which has come into power since the armistice it has impressed American and British observers in Berlin with its good faith. It has tried honestly to meet its obligations under the indemnity contract

of last June; and the very honesty of its attempt to make payments abroad in gold and the extent to which these payments are undermining the foundations of economic order in Germany is the cause of its increasing weakness and unpopularity. Such is the fatal effect of forcing the Germans to agree to pay in reparation more than they can afford to pay. A government which manoeuvres to escape payment becomes involved in futile intrigues and shiftily evasions. A government which strains its resources to pay, injures the economic welfare of the people whom it is supposed to govern for their own good, and cannot maintain its authority. The existing financial disorder can only mean that some time soon the Wirth government will default in its payments and will confess to bankruptcy. It will have to resign, and after it goes there will remain only two possible alternatives for the immediate future of Germany. Either the Supreme Council will have to reduce the indemnity to a sum which the Germans are able and willing to pay or it will have to put into Germany an army of occupation and so ruin its debtor in the vain attempt to collect more reparations than there are to collect.

THE Mexican situation continues to clear. The conference of representatives of the oil companies with Mexican officials in regard to the export tax on oil has terminated satisfactorily. According to Mr. Teagle, president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey: "Every disposition to arrive at an amicable settlement was manifested by the Mexican officials, and we feel that the adjustment which was made, representing concession on both sides, was all that could be expected in the circumstances." Exports of Mexican oil will be resumed immediately. A very important sign of improvement appears in the fact that the oil companies have asked and obtained release from the payment of the extra tax in paper money. The Mexican government took this method of recalling the issued paper. Apparently it has been so successful that paper currency is now difficult to obtain, and the extra tax, having fulfilled its purpose, is withdrawn.

FURTHER progress in the adjustment of the relations of Mexico to the rest of the world by the method of conference is promised by the visit of Mr. T. W. Lamont to Mexico City as the representative of the International Committee of Bankers, to arrange for the payment of Mexican bonds now in default. This visit is in response to the invitation of President Obregon. It is to be noted as marking an advance in our Mexican

policy that this identical method of procedure was rejected last February. We are glad to give the Foreign Policy Association a considerable share of the credit for this advance and for the improvement of public opinion which makes possible improvement in diplomatic relations. The executives of the Association have been unwearied in their effort to discover and bring to public view the real sources of difficulties with Mexico, and to build up an intelligent, tolerant, generous attitude in regard to that country. The Association has written an admirable chapter in the history of open diplomacy.

SOME weeks ago the New York papers carried an amazing account of the behavior of detective sergeant Charles F. Tighe, who in raiding an alleged race track pool room at 43rd Street and Ninth Avenue placed twenty-three persons under arrest, many of them mere passers-by, and used violence toward some of them. The first of the cases of assault brought against him, that of the child, Helen Coen, has been decided in his favor. Four other cases are pending. And now the New York Evening Post gives publicity to the action of a policeman, Meyer Abrahamson, who in sight of a reporter and other persons attacked three young men in Washington Square, beat them with his night stick and finally took them to the police station, explaining their bruised and battered condition by the story that they had resisted arrest. The reporter who tried to intercede with the police lieutenant was ordered out. Next day the men were fined five dollars each.

IT will be argued that every large body of men, such as a metropolitan police force, must, like the Black and Tans in Ireland, contain a certain proportion of human beasts. The damning thing is that these men when discovered are upheld and protected. The doubly damning thing is that their superiors use illegal violence in the station houses by "third degree" methods. Everybody, lawyers, police reporters, judges, social workers, mayors and aldermen know that this is true, but they pass by on the other side. One body could stop it. The American Bar Association should have a committee in each city to fight this outrageous form of lawlessness. There are men available, active young lawyers who think of their relation to the public as one of service. They would do the work if their seniors would lend influence and support.

EVER since Congress assembled in April the Republican majority in the Ways and Means Committee of the House and in the Finance

Committee have busily occupied themselves with the general subject of tariff revision. According to the published statements of Mr. Fordney and other Republican leaders, American industry is depressed and is threatened with further depression because the tariff wall is too low and does not protect American manufacturers against unfair foreign competition. Yet according to the figures furnished by the Department of Commerce the imports into this country during the first eight months of 1921 are smaller in value by some \$2,300,000,000 than they were during the first months of 1920. That is imports into America, in spite of the low tariff wall and the encouragement of dear dollars and cheap pounds, francs and marks have diminished from approximately \$4,000,000,000 to approximately \$1,700,000,000. During the same time exports have diminished only from approximately \$5,500,000,000 to approximately \$3,250,000,000. We are exporting nearly three-fifths as much in value as we were a year ago. We are importing somewhere between three-eighths and a half as much. The so-called balance of trade is only \$50,000,000 less in 1921 than it was in 1920. In both years it amounted to about $2\frac{1}{4}$ billions of dollars and in order to meet it American customers abroad have had to send to the country a half billion in gold. If we are to continue to trade with Europe, we shall need not fewer imports but more of them.

THE New Republic has expressed the fullest appreciation of the possibilities of Mr. Hoover's leadership in the movement for relief of the Russian famine. In recognizing his limitations we have been actuated only by a desire to see his leadership exercised as fruitfully as possible. One condition of this result is cooperation with other agencies in this country working to the same end, and we are glad to print the following communication testifying to such cooperation between the American Relief Administration and the Society of Friends:

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
Office of the Secretary
WASHINGTON

September 10, 1921.

Mr. Rufus Jones,
American Friends Service Committee,
20 South 12th Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Mr. Jones:

In response to your request I beg to say that the effort being made by the Friends Service Committee to secure charitable subscriptions for their work of famine relief in Russia has my fullest support.

I know full well the difficulties of our own people but there are still many who can afford support and others

who will willingly make sacrifices. The need is pathetic beyond description. The effort being made by all American organizations to mitigate this terrible situation is free of purpose in political, religious or racial contention. It is not the sentiment of charity to ask who and why.

None of the organizations cooperating under the Riga and European Relief Council agreements, which you have accepted, are in any way losing their identity or supervision of their own distribution, subject only to coordination for the common good of the Russian people. The sole purpose of these arrangements is to assure protection and efficiency in administration that every cent shall do its utmost in saving life—that the whole effort shall be American in name and ideals.

I trust that you will have the support the cause deserves.

Yours faithfully,

HERBERT HOOVER.

The Anglo-Japanese Alliance and the Welfare of China

THE September issue of the Round Table contains an article by an anonymous "American" who advises the British government in the interest of future Anglo-American friendship not to renew the Anglo-Japanese alliance. The Round Table does not recommend the acceptance of this advice. "Simply to break the old tie with Japan would," it declares, "considerably increase the risk of another world war, in which the dividing line would this time be color, and the resulting bitterness, thanks to the chasm which already separates East and West, even greater than that which has been left by the last struggle. No one can foretell the future. It lies on the knees of the gods, but its main hope rests, we are convinced, not in the abandonment of such association as already exists, but rather in its adaptation and in its extension to the other great nations whose interests intermingle in the Pacific so that we may all work together for the good of the East and West alike. In particular we feel that the welfare of China depends upon such cooperation being established."

It is hard to understand how anyone who is acquainted with the actual effect of the Anglo-Japanese alliance upon the economic and political independence of China and the whole problem of power in the Pacific could have written the foregoing lines. If the British government wishes to promote the welfare of China and to diminish the probability of a future war in the Pacific, it should not adapt and extend the Anglo-Japanese alliance but terminate it and supersede it by an entirely different political understanding or agreement among the Pacific powers. That alliance is a perfect example of the old kind of diplomatic bond between nations which pretends to be defensive and pacific in its object but which in its actual effect

is capable of being exploited by the aggressive partner in the association as the cover for a policy of aggrandizement. It has made for peace in the Far East in much the same sense that before the war the Triple Alliance made for peace in Europe. The formidable military strength of Central Europe en bloc enabled Germany to pursue with impunity an aggressive policy which her neighbors felt to be more and more dangerous to their independence. The alliance, that is, although defensive in language, protected its restless members against the consequences of an aggressive policy. In an analogous way the Anglo-Japanese alliance has protected Japan from the consequences of her aggressive policy in China. It has prevented the British government from discouraging such aggression or from giving diplomatic assistance to other powers who proposed to resist it. In effect the alliance has made British naval power the accomplice of Japanese military and economic imperialism.

The Taft administration discovered this fact to its own cost. In December, 1909, it submitted to the British, French, German, Russian and Japanese governments a plan for the neutralization of the Manchurian railways. As a result of the Russo-Japanese war, the former Russian railroad from Harbin to Port Arthur was divided into two parts. Russia retained the northern part, and Japan took over from Russia the southern part. The grant under which these two roads were built and operated was extorted at a period when all the powers were exploiting China with impunity, and the existence of this alien control of the railway system of the north-eastern provinces impaired the independence of China and violated the principle of equal economic opportunities for all powers in Manchuria. The proposal of the Taft administration to neutralize the Manchurian railways was intended to get rid of danger to China which the alienation of the Manchurian railways had created. It was in its conception an intelligent and praiseworthy attempt to do away with special economic privileges in northern China and so to realize in practice the two principles in which all the powers had nominally acquiesced—the principle of the Open Door and of the territorial integrity and political independence of China.

The Taft administration in submitting this proposal to the powers expected to encounter opposition from Japan, but it planned to overcome this opposition by means of British assistance. It approached the British government, before it approached the governments of the other powers, in a most friendly and confidential spirit and it received from the British Foreign Office an

approval in principle of the proposal, but a warning against pressing it at the moment and against going ahead without placating Japanese opposition. The American State Department jumped at the approval "in principle" and overlooked the intrenchments which the Foreign Office had thrown up around its acquiescence. Secretary Knox plunged boldly ahead, submitted his proposal to the powers and was promptly slapped in the face for his pains. He was unequivocally and even irascibly rebuffed by Japan and Russia and he was obliged in the end ignominiously to abandon his proposal. In its hour of need the American received no diplomatic aid from the British government. The former had calculated falsely in expecting any action on the part of Great Britain in support of a policy which sought to give reality to the independence of China and to the principle of the "Open Door" at the expense of exclusive Japanese interests in China.

We do not wish for one moment to suggest that the Taft administration had not earned this diplomatic rebuff. It launched its proposal without closely calculating upon the number and strength of its opponents and upon the most promising means of overcoming them. The British Foreign Office did not deceive the State Department. Its reply should have warned the American government to tread softly rather than to shuffle clumsily and boldly ahead. Neither do we claim that under the circumstances the British government was not justified in standing by its Japanese ally and in preferring the solid advantages of a definite naval partnership to a precarious comradeship with America in what then looked like Quixotic internationalism. The Japanese alliance was at that time one of the foundation walls of British foreign policy. It enabled the British empire to meet the German menace by concentrating its fleet in the North Sea and practically to retire from the waters of the Far East without endangering its possessions and its prestige in that region. The British government considered itself obliged to subordinate its position in the Far East to its position in Europe, and Americans have no sufficient reason now to question its decision. Ex-President Wilson pursued the same course for similar reasons in Paris. But we are justified in pointing out that the British empire as a consequence of this policy possesses a clear responsibility for the success of Japanese aggression in China.

The Anglo-Japanese alliance is not, as the Round Table assumes, the preparation for a concert of local powers in the interest of future peace in the Pacific. It is the chief obstacle to the formation of such a concert. In spite of the fact

that it explicitly guarantees the political independence and the territorial integrity of China, Japan has during the twenty odd years of her existence, enclosed Peking with a partial cordon of occupied and controlled provinces so that any Chinese government situated in that city is as independent as France would be with a German army in occupation of Metz, Brussels and Calais. Japan has during these twenty years become a great continental Asiatic power. She has annexed Korea, occupied part of Siberia, dominated Manchuria and Mongolia, and settled down in Shantung. Is it any wonder that the Chinese regard the Anglo-Japanese alliance as a somewhat doubtful expedient for contributing to the welfare of China? Is it any wonder that the American friends of China advise the termination rather than the extension of the alliance as an essential condition of a concert of the Pacific powers? There can be in the Pacific no concert which includes China and the United States, unless Japan not only abandons the policy of seeking to dominate China but is willing to unite with the other powers in building up the economic and political independence of that great nation.

British public opinion has hitherto refused to face the consequences of renewing the Anglo-Japanese alliance without first curing its partial responsibility for the success of Japanese aggression in China. We have read scores of articles which were published in England during the discussion last summer over the renewal of the treaty and almost all of them evaded or ignored the real issue. They evaded it, as the Round Table evades it, by assuming with an air of perfect innocence that the alliance was an impeccable political contrivance to which neither China nor the United States could urge any reasonable objection. If it is to be extended to include the United States and China, it will have to undergo radical modifications. The British government will have to adopt adequate precautions against the use in the future of British sea power for the protection of Japanese military imperialism; and these precautions it will have to take in spite of the opposition of its Japanese ally.

The government of Great Britain has, according to British publicists, always thrown British naval power into the balance against military aggression. So far as the continent of Europe is concerned they can put up a strong argument in favor of the claim. British power was the effective force of the coalition against Louis XIV, against Napoleon and against Germany. But in the Far East Great Britain has allied herself with another strong naval power, which possesses, as

Great Britain has never possessed, a conquering army. Sheltered by British sea power Japan has adopted a continental policy and fought and intrigued to become the dominant power in Eastern Asia. Japan will in one way or another continue this policy as long as she feels sure of being able to transport her armies and her goods to and from the mainland. How can she be deprived of this assurance? Only in one of two ways: Either by the expansion of the American navy or by the knowledge that if she continues an aggressive policy and gets into trouble in China she will have to reckon with the British as well as the American navy. The first alternative is wholly undesirable. An exclusively American naval armament which was strong enough to defend China would also be strong enough to attack Japan and threaten the security of the Japanese nation. If the United States alone prepared to defend China it would embark on a costly enterprise for which in a selfish moment it might seek compensation at the expense of its opponent and ward. The second alternative is much to be preferred. It would accomplish an equally beneficial result without the expense or the threat of war. But it seems remote as long as intelligent and high minded British publications, like the Round Table, ignore in their discussion of the Anglo-Japanese alliance its plain political and economic tendency, and interpret it as a pacifying influence in Far Eastern politics.

The Mine Operators Explain

PEACE has been again restored in West Virginia. The army of miners and their sympathizers has been dispersed. Some have surrendered their arms and some have gone to their homes. Federal troops still remain at the scene of battle but in fewer numbers. Governor Morgan is busy with the organization of a national guard for the state whose integrity and dignity he is sworn to defend. As in Europe, so in West Virginia, submission to the mandates of the authorities is the order of the day. The terms of obedience seem to matter little. The letter of the law is supreme. General Bandholtz, whose business is the maintenance of law and order, found that "the withdrawal of the invaders as promised by Keeney and Mooney would have been satisfactorily achieved but for the ill advised and ill timed advance movements of state constabulary on the night of August 27th, resulting in bloodshed." On this matter Governor Morgan either disagrees with the General or he hopes for a level of self-restraint and reasoned judgment in the newly or-

ganized state militia far above that which can be credited to the state constabulary.

Amid the noise and bustle of this military preparation for wars to come, the mine operators have also not been idle. Slow to defend themselves against unjust attacks and to present their side of the case, they have at last broken the ice with A Statement by Non-union Coal Operators and with memorials addressed to President Harding. Naturally their statement of the facts is, as should be expected from men who perform the function of public trustees in the coal industry, temperate, restrained and judicial. The United Mine Workers, they say, are at the point of monopolizing the production and distribution of all coal in the United States. If such a monopoly were accomplished, the leaders of the union "would have more power over the people of the United States than that held by any other organization in the world." To protect the people against an eventuality of this kind was preeminently the duty of those who saw the situation most clearly. And West Virginia mine operators, both absentee and native, are not the men to avoid doing their plain duty. Hence the engagement of Baldwin-Felts operatives, the wholesale eviction of miners, the shooting of Hatfield, and the many similar measures of defense, which have made West Virginia so lively a place of residence for the past twenty years.

But it is not alone by protecting the people against the aggressions of the miners' union that the operators of West Virginia serve their country. Their highest contribution to the national welfare is a positive one. It consists in the establishment of superior working conditions in the non-union mines. These conditions the mine operators themselves summarize as follows:

In the non-union fields labor has been adjusted to its real level and mines and men are working.

In the union fields no adjustment is permitted and there is little work and consequently small earnings.

In the union mines stoppages and illegal strikes are common.

In the non-union mines these are unknown.

For those who question how it is possible to commit an illegal act where there is no law, no answer will be found in the brief of the operators.

At bottom, however, it is the character of the United Mine Workers that hurts the operators most. When they discuss the character of the union, their statements rise to new heights. Here the memorials leave the field of fact for that of political speculation. And their philosophizing leads them to an interesting, if not startling, conclusion. It is that the United Mine Workers has "ceased to be strictly a trade union and has be-

come 'a political organization' which stands for the nationalization of mines, the six-hour day and five days a week and which only two short years ago in the face of winter, tried to tie up all industry by calling a general strike." The inference is that if the United Mine Workers were still a trade union, in the narrow sense of the word as it is used by mine and other operators, the West Virginia mine-owners might consider doing business with it. But on this score the union need not feel alarmed for it is not the first organization that has been translated, in the course of a dispute, from a bona fide trade union into something—different. On the face of things, then, the mine operators present a clean slate. The union is monopolistic and monopolies are anti-social. The union wants proper working conditions and conditions are better in the non-union than in the union fields. The union pretends to be a trade union and it is really a political organization. But what about Baldwin-Felts, and guards, and spies? This, too, the mine operators have no difficulty in explaining away. Once there were guards in Mingo county. Now there are none "employed as guards in Mingo and have not been for more than a year *except possibly on secret service work.*" (Italics ours.)

It is these arguments of the operators that the Senate Committee will soon begin to receive and to weigh. Much attention will then, no doubt, be given to questions of public policy. When that stage of the proceedings is reached, the operators will contend even more vigorously than they do now that their fight is a fight against labor monopoly. On the manner in which the Committee handles this question will depend its success in preventing future warfare in West Virginia. If it meets the issue squarely and recognizes the right of union representatives to carry on a campaign of organization, free from interference or threats, the way will be paved for sound industrial relations. But if it allows itself to be diverted from an investigation of the practices that have made unionism impossible, to abstract discussions of labor monopoly, then the outlook for peace on fair terms is not bright. The issue in West Virginia is not whether trade unionism is good or bad; whether the United Mine Workers advocate mine nationalization or not; or even whether the non-union miners receive higher or lower wages than the union miners. The issue is whether an American Legion, or a Ku-Klux Klan, or a group of mine operators can in this country usurp the powers of government, use them for their own purposes, and get away with it. It is on this issue that the Senate Committee must pass.

The Survey Course in College

IN a recent number of the *Athenaeum*, Mr. J. Middleton Murry considers the late Professor Barrett Wendell's book, *The Traditions of European Literature from Homer to Dante*, chiefly for "the rather sinister light it throws upon the methods of a great American University." As Mr. Murry points out with some satisfaction, "the book could hardly have been written by an Englishman because there is no public in England to which it might be expected to appeal. It is designed for American students of English literature who have no classical education. There are, of course, plenty of English students of English who have no knowledge of the classics, and their number is steadily increasing; but Professor Wendell's book will hardly satisfy them. They will want to know less and more than he has to tell them; a lesser extent and a greater depth of knowledge." In other words, Mr. Murry sees in this book another evidence of the American superstition of numbers. The college course based upon it contained perhaps a greater number of names of authors and works and literary phenomena than were ever brought together under one head before—a sort of Big Tent of literature, with special studies of selected curiosities depending from it like side shows. And Mr. Murry adds rather ungenerously the opinion that Professor Wendell had a great many students on his roll for *The Traditions of European Literature*.

The general course in literature in the American college is a product of the elective system. The unanswerable argument for the introduction of that system was the necessity of opportunity for specialization. But as the demands of specialization became more exacting, its requirements reached farther and farther back into the field of general education and more and more of that area was restricted to its uses. To replace courses preempted by the specialist student, and to give that student a chance to secure a summary view of fields other than his own, the general survey course was invented, not only in literature, but in history and in social and national science. These courses were intended as a corrective to the over-emphasis of specialization, the concentration upon the unimportant, the absorption in detail. But the evil is that the general student, exercising his right of private judgment along the path of least resistance, tends more and more to restrict himself to such surveys. Laboratory science he rejects as belonging to a course of specialization which he has renounced. The classics and mathematics he scorns as having no *raison d'être* in a realistic view of the world. With the classics has gone the preliminary

training for modern languages which the general student usually finds too exacting and burdensome, and from the obligations of which college and high school are now rapidly relieving him. The general student is thus, by right of private judgment, confined to his own language and literature, and such superficial studies in history and the social and natural sciences as he can accomplish with that instrument alone. His view is therefore narrow; his penetration is slight; he becomes, in short, a specialist in the obvious.

Undoubtedly there is something to be said for the general course in literature as in other subjects. As a preliminary survey it may be used as a basis of selection for subsequent specialization: it gives a certain facility in the use of a handbook, some bibliographical information and knowledge of where and how to find out things. Undoubtedly it is the most rapid way of spreading culture thinly and superficially, but evenly, over the selected surface. But this process is merely ancillary to education. Educational itself, literally speaking, it is not. It contains no element of training in investigation, reasoning and drawing conclusions. The way in which the study of literature can be made a matter of training is to send the student to the sources, the original material, and hold him responsible for his conclusions. In the teaching of chemistry and geology such a method would as a matter of course be followed. No matter how often an experiment has been tried, and its results quantitatively assessed, no matter how often a region has been mapped, the essential experience for the student is to act in the spirit of the discoverer. But in the study of literature the general student is invited to a bibliography of criticisms, and a summary already made, and is too often discouraged if he dissents from the accepted view and attempts a verification by methods of his own. The actual reading of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, Swift, Burke, Wordsworth will give the student at least a certain training in concentration; but this is hard, slow, dry work. It is so much easier, and superficially more rewarding, instead of reading one play of Shakespeare to read about all the plays, including a conjectural life of the author, an appreciation of his dramatic art, and some views of the Elizabethan stage. It was William James who pointed out this distinction between *knowledge about* and *acquaintance with* an author. The extent to which we have substituted for the direct vision with its stimulating appeal to individual reaction, the conventional summary and accepted criticism, the official formula and the stereotyped view is the chief reason for the ready-made uniformity of our educational product.

The pioneer democracy of America itself is re-

sponsible for a method of instruction typically American. The superstitious faith in education was the basis of a system whereby many busy middle-aged persons whose early advantages had been limited, by means of attractive summaries, outlines and hand-books, could acquaint themselves with the names of men, books and events which form the Binet-Simon test of culture, and enable the initiate to hold up his head in circles where the best that has been thought or said in the world is habitually referred to. This method is carried out in hundreds of cultural camp-meetings every summer, by thousands of popular lectures, in countless programs of study for women's clubs. Unfortunately it is coming to be not only the typical but the only method of general education in America. It has penetrated even to the college and the university. Better that our fathers had died, their intellectual thirst unsatisfied, than that they had left this legacy of mental soft drinks for their children!

The tendency to substitute the criticism for the creation, the second-hand approach for direct action in the study of literature, is regrettable enough in a world of busy men and women. The extent to which this method deprives us of our real inheritance in letters is to be seen when we consider how far Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Wordsworth have been replaced for us by Lowell, Coleridge, Macaulay, and Matthew Arnold. To know the real men belongs, except in the field of exploration and scholarship, to the unstandardized sum of human achievement: to know the best that has been thought and said about them is a part of culture, and such knowledge enters easily into the currency of daily exchange. But such methods and results have no legitimate place in higher education. There, if at all, the pursuit of the reality and the stimulus of direct vision must be maintained. This is the final indictment which Mr. Murry brings against Professor Wendell's book and the method which it incarnates. "Not one breath of the real essence penetrates through these massive pages. A few names, a few facts, and that is all. To have read Thucydides in Crawley, the Republic in Jowett, the Poetics in Bywater, Virgil in Dryden, and Lucretius in Monro—to have read even one of these would perhaps have given an inkling of the mysterious secret; but to have read all their names, to have learnt that 'those best qualified to know' . . . think that Aeschylus was a very fine poet, or that . . . Theocritus wrote 'graceful, trifling, mostly hexametric poems'—what can all this mean to an American student, or to anybody else in the world?"

Let Us Alone!

IS it possible for prosperous middle-aged America to return to the world that existed in 1913? On the face of it this seems an absurd question but it is not too absurd to be implied by one of the kindest of American conservatives, Mr. Meredith Nicholson, in his new book, *The Man in the Street*. In this book Mr. Nicholson collects his recent "papers on American topics," papers that express "the humorous and yet fundamentally serious outlook" of well-off, good-natured, comfortable, pseudo-progressive America. Its graver efforts at political thinking are to be found in *The Second-Rate Man in Politics* and in *How, Then, Should Smith Vote?* The heart of the book is the actual plea, *Let Main Street Alone!*

It would be proper, of course, to blame the wicked world entirely for not letting Main Street alone. Even if Sinclair Lewis had never opened fire, the world itself has upheaved that placid institution much worse than any critical novelist. Just about the time that Main Street was chanting "victory"—victory wrapped in tissue paper and tricolor ribbons and hung on the Christmas tree—we were compelled to deal with a Europe half-hysterical and half-savage, mottled with revolutions, broken out in plague and famine, reckless with paper currency and a paper armistice. Our failure in this adventure was not by any means to be blamed solely on Europe, but relief organizations helped to satisfy Main Street's heart in the succeeding situation, just as Red Cross bandage rolling and "Y" drives had previously appeased it—Main Street can be driven even if it can't be led. But when the world began tobogganing on its devil's switchback of economic uncertainty, Main Street and the bungalows and suburban houses and country houses that sprang from it gradually became filled with something like panic and malaise. A world infested with Jewish finance, the Bolsheviks, the Sinn Fein element, pro-Germans, Japanese militarists, French imperialists, and domestic fanatics could hardly be pleasant to live in. Hence the passionate demand to "let Main Street alone," to return to the optimism of 1913, the path of what has now become famous as Normalcy.

The impracticability of giving peace to Main Street is in itself worth considering but it seems far less relevant at the moment than the persisting state of mind of a sweet-tempered American like Mr. Nicholson. The return to normalcy is not so pregnant a topic as that desire for normalcy which is the permanent handicap in America to all serious political discussion. For what, in the end, does it matter that Mr. Nicholson busily associates himself with the cause of good government and

cautiously proceeds toward—or away from—some great scheme like the direct primary, with an air of considerable political science? He may deplore, as he does deplore, that “first-rate” men like his friend the bank president don’t or can’t go into politics. He may dwell on his difficulties as a party Democrat to take any comfort in his candidate’s platform and speech of acceptance. But behind his firm belief that he is fundamentally serious and open-minded and straight-thinking, that he means well and really understands the business of America and the business of democracy and has the right attitude toward the wicked Machine, there is the perfectly certain fact that he, like most of his prosperous class in America, is “placing truth second and emotional comfort first,” and that this incapacity for truth is a characteristic which keeps him politically impotent in every liberal move.

“If there are some,” said John Morley forty years ago, “who compromise their real opinions, or the chance of reaching truth, for the sake of gain, there are far more who shrink from giving their intelligence free play, for the sake of keeping undisturbed certain luxurious spiritual sensibilities. This choice of emotional gratification before truth and upright dealing with one’s own understanding, creates a character far less unlovely than those who sacrifice their intellectual integrity to mere material convenience. The moral flaw is less palpable and less gross. Yet here too there is the stain of intellectual improbity, and it is perhaps all the more mischievous for being partly hidden under the mien of spiritual exaltation.”

It is this craving for emotional comfort that Mr. Nicholson complacently expounds. “What really matters as to Main Street is that it shall be happy. We can’t merely by taking thought, lift its people to higher levels of aspiration. Main Street is neither blind nor deaf; it knows well enough what is going on in the world; it is not to be jostled or pushed by condescending outsiders eager to bestow sweetness and light upon it. It is not unaware of the desirability of such things; and in its own fashion and at the proper time it will go after them. Meanwhile if it is cheerful and hopeful and continues to vote with reasonable sanity the rest of the world needn’t despair of it. After all, it is only the remnant of Israel that can be saved. Let Main Street alone!”

This line of talk, garnished with the belief that there is “a wisdom deep-planted in the general heart of man” and topped off with the soporific “smile,” “Happiest are they who keep sawing wood and don’t expect too much,” completes Mr. Nicholson’s projection of amiable conservative America. Hence we find him, in discussing

Woodrow Wilson’s second administration, coming to the apt conclusion: “Radical sentiment has been encouraged, or at least tolerated, in a disturbing degree by the present administration.” The crucial interferences of Woodrow Wilson with truth-speaking, on the other hand, make no impression on Mr. Nicholson. He swears by Democracy and independence and service but he is completely imperceptive when the process of liberty is thrown away.

This craving for the mere sensation of political well-being is the direct enemy of the democracy on which Mr. Nicholson seems to set store. How, without the pain of discussion and criticism, can we create those sentiments or reach those ideas that are needed in a changing world? Mr. Nicholson begs the question cheerfully and hopefully. “There are always the zealous laborers,” he says, “the fit though few, who incur suspicion, awaken antagonism, and suffer defeat, to pave the way for those who will reap the harvest of their sowing. There are a hundred million of us and it’s too much to ask that we all chase the same rainbow.”

Isn’t this the true voice of normalcy, the genial optimism of 1913? It will persist, we suppose, so long as the world’s news is excluded from what Mr. Nicholson calls his “cheerful breakfast table”; so long as the Atlantic Monthly and Scribner’s and the Yale Review and the New York Evening Post invite their Nicholsons to strike the happy, wholesome note. Happy and wholesome, indeed, it is well to be, but we can pay too high a price for the “emotional comfort” that Mr. Nicholson and his kind put in the first place. His bankruptcy of political ideas is a direct result of his guarantee to be painless. So long as such painlessness is insisted upon, we must indulge in the essentially childish protest, “let us alone!”

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Shantung Again

OUR last three weeks in China were spent in the province of Shantung. A year and a half had elapsed since our previous visit. Then it was the dead of winter; this time the heat of midsummer reigned. The social atmospheric changes were as great as the climatic. During the earlier period, Tsinan was under martial law, and militarism was literally at bayonets' points with the students' movement whose revolt was at its height. The Anfuites were in control at the national capital, and in the province. Even educational lectures were suspect. The provincial officials telegraphed the authorities at Peking to prevent our visit, as it would surely cause disturbance. The message never reached us, and we were in Tsinan before we even learned how dangerous was the visit. The prevailing excitement immediately revealed that something was up; newspapermen and assemblymen who were fighting the militaristic and pro-Japanese officials, provided an unusually warm welcome—and so did the officials. Soldiers lined the streets at intervals of twenty feet. The yard of the Provincial Assembly Hall was filled with companies of soldiers: machine guns were trained upon the building—all for fear that the students, then on strike as protest against the closing of their headquarters, might demonstrate in force. The chief of police occupied the position on the platform usually taken by an educational official.

This time everything was as quiet as in America when a teachers' institute is in progress. Only the ordinary number of armed policemen were in the streets. The provincial assemblymen were still engaged in fighting the provincial governor, but the struggle was a peaceful one; not a single soldier invaded the assembly hall. The present struggle is indicative of the political situation in China. The financial commissioner of the province was a Shantung man. As such he interested himself in protecting the people of the province by keeping expenditures confined to legitimate purposes. Since the office of provincial governor is prized because it is the shortest and quickest road to becoming a multi-millionaire, the governor removed the obnoxious treasurer-auditor. Hence the conflict with the provincial legislature. I call it characteristic of the present situation because while militarism is still rampant, the people of China are now learning the old lesson that political control goes with control of the public purse, and that soldiers in China are an effect as well as a

cause of lack of legislative control of public funds. As this lesson is learned, the political development of China will begin to run parallel to the struggle for representative government in the western world. "Republicanism" is slowly passing from an aspiration and a magic phrase to a matter of business.

Japanese relations as well as the domestic situation have assumed a much more tranquil aspect in the intervening year and a half. Direct acts of aggression have practically ceased, and the "invasion" has now taken the form of a steady economic peaceful penetration. Provocative incidents still occur. For example, the governor was requested by the Japanese local authorities to forbid students' meetings and demonstrations on May 7th—the day of National Shame in commemoration of the signing of the Twenty-one Demands. The object was to provoke the students to some overt anti-Japanese move. But the order was passed on from the governor to the commissioner of education, from the commissioner to the principals, from them to the students—sometimes on the day after the anniversary. The meetings were held, and everything passed off peacefully. Again, on the spring holiday which is national tree-planting day, by some coincidence the garrison of Japanese soldiers in Tsinan appeared for manoeuvres on the same hill that had been selected by the students as the spot for planting trees. But the students are well organized; in this case the bull was educated to ignore the red rag however flaming, and the presumably desired provocation did not occur. But while such incidents still occur, the earlier outrages of arbitrary arrest and torture have ceased. In the main they are replaced by a conciliatory policy, so it is fair to presume that such incidents as occur are due to local bumptious Japanese who dislike the changed policy towards the Chinese. The change also affects foreigners in the province. There used to be more or less complaint about the brusque way in which passport regulations were enforced for travellers to Tsing Tao. Now a suave official, whose mouth might be a store-house for the provincial butter, asks if you are provided with one, and then informs you that since you are an American, it is not necessary to produce it. This trivial episode is characteristic of the way in which the traveller is now received, a way which is like the courtesy so uniformly found in Japan proper, instead of the rudeness which up to short time ago reminded the visitor to Japanese

possessions on the continent that he was an intruder, there only by the ungracious grace of the Japanese.

In the residential part of Tsing Tao as distinct from the industrial part, the impressions gained are of Germany rather than of Japan. And whatever one's opinions of the origin and aims of German possession, one has to admit that she did a good job while in control. There is no part of the Far East so solidly and attractively built as this city which the Germans, in a few years, turned from a dirty fishing village of mud huts into the most cleanly city of China and into a port of enormous commercial potentialities. Here too the change of spirit on the part of the Japanese is evident. The whole outward aspect of things is clearly intended to minimize military occupation and emphasize civil administration. Pains are taken to attract foreign guests to a pleasant summer resort, and permanent foreign residents no longer complain of inquisitorial visits and vexatious interference, but only of the appalling amount of red tape that has to be unwound to get through any official business, such as a lease or paying taxes. It is, however, significant of the tenor of our Bryan period of Far Eastern diplomacy that old American residents have never received compensation for the systematic looting done by Japanese soldiers when they took possession, although British citizens have been attended to.

It cannot be truthfully said that the more conciliatory policy on the part of Japan has affected Chinese feeling or opinion. It would be enormously instructive to discover in full detail just why so little bitterness is felt toward prior German occupation and so much toward present Japanese control. The Japanese regard the contrast as part of the froward disposition of the Chinese people who characteristically decline to recognize their true friends. Idealization of a past that is done with, in contrast with a present that is acute, may have something to do with it. The friendly and tactful quality of German intercourse certainly had something to do with it also. So has the fact that German merchants mostly confined themselves to foreign trade while Japanese settlers are engaging in all kinds of retail trade, and, what is more serious, are getting hold of land. The fact counts also that the Shantung railway under German control was a private enterprise which freely used Chinese help and guards, while now it is a Japanese governmental enterprise with no use for Chinese except as coolie laborers. But I do not think that all these factors put together weigh in comparison with the fact that German possession seemed only one incident in a series of foreign aggressions

which had to be dealt with as best they might, while Japanese control is a vast overshadowing threat of an engulfment which may become complete at any moment. Hence the depth and intensity of the feeling aroused.

As compared with a year and a half ago, immediate complaints now centre about the opium affair, and the furnishing of weapons to bandits and otherwise encouraging them. The establishment of a government opium monopoly in Tsing Tao is an officially acknowledged fact, not a piece of rumor. Official details are naturally not easy to get. It is known however that the business is handled by a Chinese, one Liu Tze Shan by name; that about two million and a half ounces a year are imported, and that the concessionaire pays two dollars an ounce to the imperial administration, so that the opium and morphine trade yields about five million a year toward the expenses of occupation. So far it may be said that Japan is only following British and French precedents in south China. But there is at least this difference. Hong Kong and Indo-China are actually under foreign sovereignty. The Chinese flag still flies over the Tsing Tao custom house, and regular duties are paid on all goods which go into the interior. Opium is of course contraband. It would not do to have it appear on the manifest of imports. So it is shipped in, labelled "military stores," and is thus exempt from examination. It is also universally believed that aside from merchants who carry the stores as part of their luggage, the military railway guards act as distributing agents through the interior.

Definite facts about the distribution of arms to bandits are even harder to get at. One has to rely on what is generally stated by Chinese and foreigners alike. The objective fact is that the Japanese railway guards are sufficient to protect the zone, and that during German occupation even with Chinese guards the zone was entirely peaceful. Since then it has been much disturbed, sometimes to the extent of compelling the evacuation of whole villages. This state of things is of course impossible without the connivance of Japanese authorities. Making the waters troubled in order to fish in them is a policy which has good—or bad—precedents in plenty in Manchuria. Circumstantial stories tell of renting by the night of revolvers by Japanese soldiers, as well as of the direct sale of guns and ammunition—which are under strict official Japanese supervision. As near to statistics as one can come is that during a single month there were twenty cases of banditry within five miles of Tsing Tao, in territory leased to Japanese, and that the Japanese have never suffered.

The Japanese government has publicly pledged itself to the International Anti-opium Society to cancel the opium monopoly in Shantung, and the Chinese admit that there are already some signs of amelioration. When and if the Japanese military are withdrawn, banditry may reduce itself to the usual Chinese average, though the temptation to make trouble in order to have an excuse to interfere so as to protect Japanese subjects will remain. The remaining sore point is the economic question. Intelligent Shantungese who are convinced that Japan now intends to carry out her promise of withdrawal of troops at a fairly early date, say it will make no real difference in the situation, because in the meantime Japan has obtained such an economic stranglehold on the province. Even if this hold had been secured by superior economic efficiency, the Chinese would hardly welcome it more than do, say, Californians, especially when it affects land ownership which in China concentrates in itself all the emotions which in western countries are distributed also among religious and patriotic interests. But fraud and force are alleged as the means by which the economic position of Japan has been consolidated. The so-called auction of German properties in Tsing Tao was certainly a scandal as respects favoritism as to persons and prices. The means by which farmers have been compelled to part with their lands were reported in my former article. It is also stated that it is useless to appeal to the courts when disputes arise affecting leases or other economic interests, as it is an axiom that the Japanese litigant is always right. A number of combined Sino-Japanese companies have been started. According to Chinese opinion most of them are formed because of coercion, and the result is unequal treatment. But upon this point it is hard to find unbiased testimony.

In spite of the general Chinese belief that the economic control of Japan is too firm to be shaken by anything short of international pressure or a political upheaval, I do not believe that the industrial and commercial situation is satisfactory to Japan, especially in view of the glowing hopes which were at first entertained. I haven't, as I write, the figures for last year at hand, but the customs statistics for 1919 show no great increase in trade over the last year of German occupation, in spite of the large number of factories which the Japanese have built. This might be attributed to general depression, but from 1916 to 1919, the imports of Dairen, Japan's northern port, almost trebled and exports more than doubled. Japanese plans when they took possession included the building of a number of railways to connect the interior

with their railway at Tsinan. They indulged freely in predictions of the day when Tsing Tao would be the chief port of all central China, displacing Tientsin and rivalling Shanghai. Nor were the predictions based wholly on emotion, as is shown by the fact that the opposition of foreign commercial interests in China to Japanese occupation was openly based on the threat which their occupation conveyed of strangulation of the commerce of ports in which foreign firms were established. But in the intervening years Japan lavished her funds on unproductive political loans which won only the hatred of the people, and which made impossible the granting of the railway concessions. And now the projected railways come under the scope of the Consortium—a credit item in offset to the virtual omission of Manchuria from its scope. The gap between prospect and realization is so great that it inclines one to a belief that Japan would be willing to trade off some of her remaining privileges in Shantung for a Chinese and international solid acknowledgement of her "special position" in Manchuria.

This brings us to the present diplomatic position of the Shantung question. It is quite true, as Japanese apologists state, that Japan has thrice approached China to open negotiations for the "return" of Shantung. These apologists when they are talking or writing for the benefit of those ignorant of conditions, say that Japan greatly deplores the absence of any government in China sufficiently stable to carry on negotiations, and say Japan longs for the time when such a government will come into existence. When they are more candid, they admit that no Chinese government dare enter into direct negotiations with Japan on the question. Even the Anfu government at its height dared not, knowing well that it would be the signal for an explosion and possible revolution. In part this unwillingness is grounded in the deepest psychology of the Chinese: "When in doubt, don't." In this particular case, the policy of "non-doing" had good reason in the uncertainty as to the intelligence, force and integrity of the officials who would have represented China in "negotiations." But there is also an objective ground for the refusal. The original Japanese request for negotiations was so worded as to commit the Chinese government, if it accepted it, to admitting the validity of the Versailles settlement as well as the treaties signed at the time of the Twenty-one Demands. Subsequent proposals repeat the original ground of offence. They refer to the "formal agreement" by which "the Chinese government pledged itself beforehand to acknowledge and consent to the transfer" of German rights to Japan.

Of course the whole case of China lies in its refusal to admit the validity of these earlier treaties. The grounds of their refusal are threefold. First, they were made under duress; second, Germany's title forbade alienation to a third power; and, thirdly, when China entered the war as an ally her whole status was changed. The latter claim was admitted by implication in Japan's efforts to prevent China's entering the war until after she had made her secret agreements with France and Great Britain to support her seizure of Shantung. Quite aside then from popular sentiment, for China to have entered into negotiations on the only basis proposed by Japan would be to stultify her recent diplomacy, and to surrender all hope of a rectification of the conditions growing out of the Twenty-one Demands. And the latter include much more than the Shantung question. For example, public opinion in the world seems as yet hardly awake to the fact that the original lease of Port Arthur and surrounding country to Russia expires in 1924, and that Japan's case for retention of its Manchurian possessions rests upon the validity of the treaties in which the Twenty-one Demands are embodied.

It is not surprising that the hopes and fears of China now centre about the Pacific conference, and that it is the chief topic of conversation among intelligent Shantungese. It is hardly too much to say that its crucial issue is whether or not the treaties which embody the Twenty-one Demands are *faits accomplis*. If the conference regularizes Japan's position, one chapter in the fate of China is sealed. If it refuses to do so, the conference will doubtless be broken up unless Japan is willing to go further in compromise than now appears likely. The attempt was well worth making. But too great optimism about its outcome would be childish. It hardly requires Versailles to remind us that a peace conference may be as dangerous as war.

JOHN DEWEY.

"It's a Temperamental Job!"

IT was recently my privilege and pleasure—mixed with a due amount of landlubberly terror—to fly from Salt Lake City to San Francisco with the United States Mail. We left Salt Lake at seven in the morning, alighted for a few moments at Elko and at Reno, in Nevada, crossed the Sierra at about 13,600 feet, and at two o'clock in the afternoon, Pacific time, slid down to the field at San Francisco, seven hundred miles away.

It is unfashionable, of course, nowadays, not to take the airplane for granted. Anybody with five

dollars can have a flight. Planes have crossed the Atlantic and flown to Australia. Young ladies who would be frightened at a grasshopper, will tell you that they were disappointed in the air, and really felt just as if they were sitting at home in an easy chair. I am free to confess, nevertheless, that, to me, this trip over the mountains was nothing short of tremendous.

Merely to stick your face into a 100-mile-an-hour gale for seven hours, in a roar that drowns out everything, even to the voice in your own throat, and stifles down the everyday sentient and more or less articulate human into a sort of huddled, flying eye—merely this, together with the climbs and drops through all sorts of altitudes and air pressures from sea-level to fourteen thousand feet, that leave you deaf as a post for hours—gives one a borrowed sense of physical accomplishment at least equivalent to that of doing an average Marathon run.

And then the Jove-like gazing down on the earth and man's microscopic works; on river systems, with all their towns, seen from source to mouth, almost as mere twisting scratches in the land; on mountains lying a mile beneath like warty brown toads sleeping on the sand; the jagged edge of the Sierras and Alpine lakes and patches of perpetual snow, yawning as far below one's feet as they usually lift above them—all this, continued for the better part of a day, so takes one out of life as it is usually lived, that for hours a city's streets seem diminutive and far away, and one wanders like a stranger in one's own world.

And yet the mail is carried to San Francisco every day. In the three days that I waited at Salt Lake, the flying-times between Salt Lake and Elko—about two hundred and four miles—varied only about two minutes. The Air Mail Service is three years old. It is included in the Civil Service and it is not easy to dismiss a mechanician, whether his work is satisfactory or not. A pilot is subject to the rules and red tape of the Post Office Department just as if he were a regular postman on a city route.

This conventionality, on the one hand, and the entirely unconventional feelings which a single flight gave me, on the other, together with the gossip of the flying men, themselves, as I heard it for several days, leads me to the point which I wish to suggest here—that in incorporating the air mail in the regular postal service (a thoroughly desirable aim) we are likely to take too much for granted. There is a danger of forgetting that flying is not yet walking; that the dash, determination, and sensitive "feel" which make a successful flyer are qualities not immediately translatable

into bureaucratic conformity by the mere act of putting their possessors in the Civil Service; that risking one's life every day is a different job from lugging a mail pouch along a city street, and that the men who do it must, in some sort or other, be treated accordingly.

I put this suggestion gently and with a certain diffidence. The problem presented to the Post Office officials is a real and difficult one, as anybody can see for himself. I have neither the facts nor the wish to criticize the Department; still less to suggest that the willing and plucky band of pilots sit round growling all the time. What I wish to record here is a personal impression, although a rather definite one, that the morale of the service is not what it should be and that the handling of the men at the dangerous end of the game still leaves something to be desired.

Put yourself, for a moment, on one of the flying fields. You are at Salt Lake, for instance. It is four o'clock in the afternoon and the mail from Rock Springs is due. Rock Springs is one hundred and fifty miles away—a flight over mountains and canyons. Landings are not impossible, and forced landings have actually been made, but it is about as easy to make them as to sleep on a picket fence.

The hot desert day has suddenly darkened, the west and south are black with thunder clouds, and all at once, across the salt flats, sweeps a desert wind with whirling columns of sand. You are watching a lower shoulder of the mountains, which hereabouts rise to twelve or thirteen thousand feet, and even now, in midsummer, are spotted with snow. "That's the place where he ought to come through."

Half an hour passes, an hour. Suddenly, from behind, quarter of the way round the sky's circle, comes the drone of a plane. It dips, slides down to the field, and scuds across it in a cloud of dust. The pilot whirls about, drums back to the hangar, climbs out of his nest and hurries to make his report, for he had an engagement with a man at the bank at four-twenty, and is nearly an hour late.

"Had to dodge about a dozen big thunderstorms!" is his explanation of being off his course.

"What happens to a plane in a thunder storm? Does the metal attract lightning, like a lightning-rod?"

"Well, there's all sorts of theories about that. Of course the lightning-rod is attached to the ground and the plane isn't. Maybe it's like a Leyden jar—you know how the sparks jump from one knob to the other and just prick a little hole in a piece of paper. Of course if the spark happened to go through your gas tank, you'd be out of luck!"

Somebody volunteers the suggestion that he has

heard of planes getting struck by lightning and "Blooley! There was nothing left!"

"You'll see that lightning run along a cloud clear across the sky. It seems to make for the place where the rain is thickest and to run down on that. So you strike for the place where the rain is thinnest. If there's a blue spot or a hole in the clouds you climb or dive for that. Sometimes there's no way out and you simply have to bore through it. But it always scares the hell out o' me, I'll say."

They talk of flying in blizzards on the Cheyenne run, and fighting the wind for hours until the gas tank goes dry and there's nothing for it but a landing. One man got lost in a fog somewhere in the mountains, had to come down with engine trouble, and landed on the edge of a canyon several hundred feet deep. Going over the mountains to San Francisco you must expect to hit "bumps" and run into air-pockets. Even when there are no fogs or storms, the cold air flows down from the summits into the valleys, like water over a waterfall, and makes the air "thin."

"The last time I went over as a passenger," says one of the pilots, "I had a suit-case on my lap. We struck an air-pocket and dropped about three hundred feet like a shot. I just caught that suit-case as it was bouncing over the side of the cockpit and I might have followed, if it hadn't been for the strap. You'd better be strapped in good and tight."

The pilot, who flew with me to San Francisco carried a six-shooter. What for? Well, the last time he made a forced landing was in the desert and he walked about fifteen miles with coyotes skulking along behind him and thought with a gun it would be less lonesome. Every morning at this time of year the fog is thick in San Francisco and it doesn't burn away until well after breakfast time, but the mail starts for Salt Lake at six o'clock, fog or no fog, and the pilots feel their way through it and climb up above the city and the islands to the upper air as best they can. And so on.

Running an air mail service across a continent like ours is a very different thing from doing it in little England or France. The Rocky Mountain and Pacific coast region is a continent in itself and not an easy one to fly over. During the past year the air mail carriers flew 1,313,379 miles with mail. They carried 1,015,053 pounds of it. Their flying "practice," as the engineers say, with its daily flights of hundreds of miles over all sorts of country in all sorts of weather, including prairie blizzards and mountain storms, is higher, one supposes, than that developed in the more casual flying of either army or navy pilots.

In saying that the morale of the service is not what it might be, it is not altogether easy to put

one's finger on the concrete difficulty. It is not equipment, although the planes are of the old De Haviland type which used to be spoken of in France as "flying coffins." Their main weakness—a frail fabric fuselage which was unstable in the air and easily smashed in a rough landing—has been done away with. That the gas tank is dangerously placed and more likely than in other planes to break and catch fire in case of a fall, does not seem to have been proved. The plane in which we flew to San Francisco, a De Haviland, remade at the Reno field, with a stout wooden body, seemed thoroughly satisfactory. If the type is not ideal, it seems, at any rate, to suit the pilots well enough.

Nor do they complain of pay. They receive a guaranteed salary with an addition for flying mileage and some of the men are earning more than one hundred dollars a week. There is a normal amount of growling over careless mechanics, and repairs and inspections superficially made, but this is not the real trouble. The real trouble is psychological rather than material and is inherent in the facts of the case—the obvious difficulty of harmonizing two inharmonious things, the dash and daring of the flying men themselves and the sort of reward such qualities crave, with the impersonal and often stupidly clumsy grinding of departmental Washington. This is precisely the thing that hundreds of thousands of men ran up against in war time and took more or less for granted. But peace is another matter, and these men are taking the risks of war, often, without war's stimulus or excitement. It is precisely the thing which men run up against all the time in any government service,

but there is a difference, after all, in the unanswered cables and ignored reports which discourage a minister or consul, and bureaucratic indifference toward a man who is risking his life.

I was told of a recent order directing the managers of flying fields to pay particular attention to the age limit of their flyers. When the regulations were hunted up it was found that no men "over seventy-four years old" were eligible as pilots! The postal regulations had been transferred bodily, apparently, to the Air Mail. I have had no opportunity to check up the accuracy of this anecdote but it suggests the sort of thing that might happen, and which the pilots themselves evidently believe does happen. They feel that too many of the officials of the service are regulation Post Office employees, without any understanding of flying or particular interest in it and that there is a corresponding lack of response to suggestions sent in from the field and lack of personal interest in and support of the flying work done.

"It all comes down to this," said one of the field managers. "*This is a temperamental job* and there's no getting round it. Ten years from now an Air Mail pilot may be a mere chauffeur but he isn't so yet, and you can't treat him as such."

With this observation, that flying is still "a temperamental job" the suggestion which I wished to make is sufficiently stated. Tact and a little personal interest are perhaps all that are needed. And doubtless Mr. Will Hays, in his efforts to humanize the Post Office Department may, in due time, be counted on for that.

ARTHUR RUHL.

Calvin the Silent

THE elections of 1920 imported into the City of Conversation, as one of its necessary consequences, perhaps the oddest and most singular apparition this vocal and articulate settlement has ever known: A politician who does not, who will not, who seemingly cannot talk. A well of silence. A centre of stillness.

Moreover, it appears from the meagre record that he thinks of himself as Peter Pan, the boy who never grew up to be a man.

We had, of course, all heard of Calvin Coolidge; that he had been City Councilman, City Solicitor, Court Clerk, State Representative, Mayor, State Senator, Lieutenant-Governor and Governor one after another virtually continuously since 1899;

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that being in place and in politics was with him both a vocation and an avocation. But the man himself as a social human being was not known at all. There was a bright curiosity to be satisfied.

Presiding over the Senate is the least of the duties of the Vice-President of the United States in the Washington scheme of things. What time he spends at the Capitol saying: "Does the Senator from South Dakota yield to the Senator from Mississippi?" or "The Senator from New Hampshire suggests the absence of a quorum. The clerk will call the roll," or when the calendar is being called, "The bill will be passed over"—is his period of reflection and digestion. His day's work really begins when he gets to his hotel in the evening and finds his dress clothes laid out on the bed and Mrs. Coolidge tells him, "We are dining with Senator Whosis tonight and you must be dressed and

ready to leave here at a quarter to eight." His dress clothes are his working clothes; the overalls of a Vice-President.

By tradition and precedent the Vice-President has become the official diner-out of the administration. Every night from November until May he must sally forth in his glad raiment and eat for his party and his chief. He and the potted palms that the close observer of official life notes being hauled from one house to another every afternoon during the season, are social fixtures. No big dinner is complete without both of them.

The palms stand in the corners and on the stairways. Anciently it was a game, mildly diverting, to scratch one's name on the under side of the fronds and then keep tab to see how many times one encountered the same palms during the winter season. The palms are background, but the Vice-President is essentially foreground. He sits on the right of the hostess. He is the chief figure of the feast. The palms are, or are supposed to be, decorative. The Vice-President seldom or never is. The theory is that he is witty and amusing, or learned and informative, or a well of deep inside stuff about current political affairs.

Now as it turns out Mr. Coolidge is none of these things. To the whole of Washington, social and political, at this juncture, he presents an impenetrable blank. He dines out with the best of them. Never a night elapses that the big closed car placed at his service by the fond taxpayers does not convey him to a dinner party. No soup, however thick or thin, deters him, no fish, however disguised by the pallid, viscous goo the chefs seem to like, daunts him, and thence south through the entrée to the ice, leaving only a waste behind him. And all in perfect silence.

No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.
Majestic silence!

But I must say it is hard on the ladies. They often talk about it. They are supposed to make him have a good time. And having a good time at dinner is popularly supposed to be indicated by a light rattle of small talk. One hears that Mr. Coolidge feels sometimes that he is not doing all that is expected of him for there are vague current reports that he asks wonderingly, "What do they talk about? I hear them and see them all about me, all at it, but what do they find to say?" One agreeable woman was the nine days' wonder and envy of all Washington because she made him laugh one night at dinner. She never would give the recipe or tell what she said. "I am going to use it again next winter," she declared thriftily.

I have now to cite an anonymous authority to

be more fully revealed presently: "Although I am Coolidge's friend, and have been for years," he said, "I did not really understand him, until about a year ago. One day he came in here, and, after sitting where you are for the longest time, he said out of a clear sky: 'Do you know, I've never really grown up? It's a hard thing for me to play this game. In politics, one must meet people, and that's not easy for me.' I expressed astonishment. 'No,' he went on, 'it's been hard for me, all my life. When I was a little fellow, as long ago as I can remember, I would go into a panic if I heard stranger voices in the house. I felt I just couldn't meet the people and shake hands with them.

" 'Most of the visitors would sit with father and mother in the kitchen and the hardest thing in the world was to have to go through the kitchen door and give them a greeting. I was almost ten before I realized I couldn't go on that way. And by fighting hard I used to manage to get through that door. I'm all right with old friends, but every time I meet a stranger I've got to go through the old kitchen door, back home, and it's not easy.' He was silent for a long time after that. Just sat looking out of the window. Then he went away without another word. He's never mentioned the subject since. Nor have I, but I think I can say I understand Calvin Coolidge now. Does it help to explain him to you?"

But it goes back further than that. In common with everyone else at Washington I have been eager to pluck out the heart of Mr. Coolidge's mystery, to discover what sort of man he is, to establish a basis for appraisal. All in vain, for he has revealed nothing, disclosed nothing. He has been descried and observed as intently as possible under the circumstances, in the crush preceding the largest and noisiest of dinner parties, standing quite still and saying not a blessed word though all about him was babble and laughter and conversation. He didn't seem ill at ease or embarrassed or tongue-tied. He was just still. Silent upon a peak in Darien is no name for it. He gave no appearance of being about to say something presently. It was an absolute calm. Old Ironsides at anchor lay in the harbor of Mahon. The waves to sleep had gone—that sort of thing. Not a leaf stirring. It was impressive—and he so small. A big man can be as monosyllabic as he pleases, but more is expected of slight men.

One sought in vain an account of the experiences of those veterans of forlorn hopes who in the devoted pursuance of social duties had dashed themselves against the ice barriers. They had nothing to tell. Over the Alps lay Italy, they thought, but none of them had won the summit, and so they

couldn't be sure that the view was worth the climb.

The only thing left to do was to go back and search the records, to exhume fossil remains, to study the narratives left by the explorers who had been on the same trail. At last I found in the Library of Congress a thin paper-covered book bearing the title: "His Excellency Calvin Coolidge, Governor of Massachusetts. His First Biography. Published by the Roosevelt Club for its members." Its modest brown wrapper carries this motto at the top of the page: "From the Farm Up and On and Always."

It is a mine and treasure house, a jewel of biographies. The author, I am sorry to say, is anonymous but he apparently knew and loved his subject and his heart was in his job. He says himself that this is an intimate biography. "More than this, it is an honest biography, to be recognized by those of his own household, by whom, only, is a man known." I take him at his word. I believe him and I carefully copy down Chapter 3, the best chapter on the birth of a hero I have ever seen, except possibly, David Copperfield's account of his own coming into the world. Here it is:

On July 4, 1872, 48 years ago, in the columns of a news sheet, "The Blueberry," which succeeded occasionally in making its appearance in the town of Plymouth, Vt., appeared the laconic entry, "Born to Victoria J. Moor and John Calvin Coolidge, a man child, John Calvin, Jr." These tidings of great joy did not cause banks to close or business to be tied up, for that was a country of farmers only, and those that read it were tillers of the soil and not seers. However, the little stranger, with a foresight, sound and characteristic, had chosen, as the day of his advent, one which the neighbors were bound to celebrate.

The child, an auburn-haired, smooth-faced babe, with a proboscis somewhat attenuated, was as unique, as he lay in his cradle, as he was to be as a man. He seemed troubled. The atmosphere of ambition enshrouded him. He seemed restless and anxious for change and for progress. The baubles which divert and stimulate the prosaic young, seemingly, had no charm for him, nor did anything which tender hearts or wise heads could plan. He lay in his new bed and cried, and when he tired of crying, he wept, and then he cried again. All this, apparently, with deliberation, and for a purpose, and as a means to an end. For the first effort of the child, and the man, has been always, not to play, but to think.

A mother, solicitous through unselfish love, sat by his side, intent upon bringing him peace; and a

father, with the more selfish purpose of sleep. The family physician bent over the crib, with that rural versatility which had familiarized him with the whole gamut of bodily afflictions, from rheumatics to melancholia. Noted psychologists, too, were added to the throng, not alone for the advancement of medical science but with the hope of solving a problem which seemed to baffle all.

These all followed his infant gaze as it swept the plain walls of the Vermont farm house. They watched his eyes as they rested and became riveted upon the only decoration in that room, a portrait of the Great Liberator of the Dutch, of the low lands of Holland, a Prince of Orange and of Nassau, William the Silent. And they gave it to the child.

Then peace came to the household, and to its mother. The father slept. The general practitioner went his way, and the noted specialists returned to the great centres. And the child studied the face and the features of the portrait, and then, placing the end of one of his small fore-fingers upon the mouth of that great prince, and the other one upon his ears, he, too, was content and happy, and he, too, slept, and peace overwhelmed that small house and that small family.

And those that sat about the child construed the lessons of what they had seen to be:—first, that he, too, would leave the hill country of his birth and live close to his adopted meadow lands along the banks of the Connecticut; second, that he fastened the hopes of the political success that was to be his, upon the determination not to talk but to listen, not upon the power of speech but upon the possibilities of silence. From that hour, he then became, and has since continued, Calvin the Silent.

I also find it recorded of him in these pages that he talks only when he has something to say, but he listens whether there is something to hear or not. A nod from him upon the street is better than an ebullition from another; a man who makes no unnecessary motions of mouth or body. He never writes when he can talk, and he never talks when he can nod. I find that he has ambition, patience, tenacity and self-control which, as his anonymous Boswell truthfully says, "enable one to stand before kings." They are even more fruitful, effective and desirable qualities when one sits behind a desk, as some of his associates could tell him if they ever discuss the real problems of existence.

For what is technically known as a sidelight only this is recorded: At three o'clock on the afternoon following his first election as Lieutenant-Governor, when most successful candidates were easily congratulated in public places, he

was found alone, in his room at the Adams House, sitting by a window opening into an air-shaft. To which I may add this personal observation.

On the day of the first Cabinet meeting of the Harding administration all the newspaper correspondents in Washington and apparently all the movie operators and camera men east of a line drawn north and south through Pittsburgh, attended at the executive offices to make a pictorial and descriptive record of the newcomers for the enlightenment and education of the dear ones at home. The photographers ran as wild as deuces. They took pictures of the Cabinet members and the President, collectively and individually, indoors and outdoors, in motion and standing still, and finally a series of prints of the Cabinet in session. Mr. Coolidge sat with the Cabinet. It was an innovation. He was pictured in his place at the Cabinet table sitting with the others. When the meeting was over the correspondent of the Boston Transcript, seeking a paragraph of local interest to enliven his dispatch, greeted the great man and asked:

"Mr. Vice-President, where did you sit at the Cabinet table? What place was allotted you in the order of precedence?"

Mr. Coolidge considered thoughtfully. He weighed the possibilities of any hasty speech. He thought deeply. Then he said, slowly:

"I had rather any announcement on that point would come directly from the President."

Even while he considered, the pictures that he had seen taken showing him at the bottom of the table were being sent broadcast to every motion picture house and newspaper in the land. Somewhere about 42 B. C. Publius Syrus said: "I have often regretted my speech, never my silence." Nineteen centuries later Mr. Coolidge said: "I have never been hurt by what I have not said."

When he chooses he has the power of condensed epigrammatic expression. Take this bit, for example: "Do the day's work. If it be to protect the rights of the weak, whoever objects, do it. If it be to help a powerful corporation better to serve the people, whatever the opposition, do that. Expect to be called a stand-patter but don't be a stand-patter. Expect to be called a demagogue but don't be a demagogue. Don't hesitate to be as revolutionary as science. Don't hesitate to be as reactionary as the multiplication table. Don't expect to build up the weak by pulling down the strong. Don't hurry to legislate. Give administration a chance to catch up with legislation."

Before the microscopists at Washington are done with him he will be catalogued and indexed and cross-referenced. He is under scrutiny. Be-

fore his term of office is over, though he may continue dumb as any oracle, he will be known, measured, weighed, appraised and valued for what he is.

I know competent questers who are hot on the trail. For the present they make only provisional verdicts on this foster child of Silence and slow Time. As his Boswell says: "Massachusetts has probably never seen a man prominent in public life like him." Nor Washington, either, for that matter.

EDWARD G. LOWRY.

Why is a Scab?

"Scab . . . the itch of human kind. 2. a mean dirty paltry fellow. 3. (recent) hence opprobriously a workman who will not join or act with the labor union."—Webster's Unabridged.

SO Mr. Webster disposes of the scab. But what manner of person is this scab and why will he not "join or act with the labor union?" This curiosity prompted us to take a flier in industry recently. We wanted to know something more definite about this scab. A couple of weeks experience as strike breakers in the garment industry cannot produce sweeping conclusions; it can produce impressions. We found, as is frequently the case where there are conflicting factions, that Judy O'Grady on the picket line and Judy O'Grady sewing on scab hooks and eyes are essentially the same. Through the merest chance or accident they have gone at opposing tangents but in reality they are folks very much like each other.

The industrial conflict is usually conceived as something involving only two forces—the employer and the employee—with occasional attention to a nebulous portion denominated the Public. We soon realized that the problem was not even of this simplicity. The antagonism between union and non-union workers, never negligible, shifts to open strife when the two become striker and scab.

Getting access to a "strike shop" was much easier than we had anticipated. The union officials were entirely sympathetic with the student viewpoint and therefore offered no objection to the venture. Job getting was surprisingly simple. The Monday morning World carried an advertisement for "drapers and finishers. Apply room 202, 334 Fifth Avenue." Arriving shortly before nine we found room 202 was the office of Fassanella's Detective Agency. Fassanella's requirements were simple. Each applicant was asked as she entered: "Lookin' for work? Belong to the union? What kind of work can you do?"

We replied that we were, we didn't and that we "finished." To our vast relief the last statement as well as the others was accepted at its face value. While furnishing cards of introduction to the dozen or so applicants the gentleman detective remarked genially; "Remember, we don't want any union folks. *This is all open shop.*" Which may after all, to all practical purposes, be as good a definition as any of the "open shop."

At the time we entered our first shop, the strike of the members of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union had been running for some six weeks. It was primarily a strike for the closed shop and at that time was confined to the half dozen or so places where a concerted attempt had been made by the employers to change from the former closed shop to the open shop basis. The local union had called its members out on strike. The employers had responded by filling their places as completely as possible with non-union workers. The union resorted immediately to its usual weapon, the picket line. Three employers retaliated by applying for an injunction against the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, to prohibit any form of picketing—peaceful or otherwise—on the part of union members. This injunction was granted and finally served. When we went to work however, the pickets were on the job by seven-thirty in the morning, through the noon hour, and again at closing time in the afternoon. Police were stationed at each entrance of the building keeping the pickets moving and prohibiting them from walking more than two abreast. We were told by both strikers and strike breakers of rude treatment of the pickets by the police but in our brief observation of the picket line we saw none. The establishment we entered was then running practically at full force. Judging from the attitude of both the employers and the union the whole matter had resolved itself into a trial of endurance. There seemed little hope of compromise; the issue was clear cut and one side or the other must necessarily weaken and yield in the course of the next few weeks.

We were asked no questions concerning our experience or ability when we appeared at the shop. We merely presented our Fassanella cards and were assigned to places at the work tables. It did not take long to detect the undercurrent of animosity of the girls in the shop toward that red haired termagant, Rosie—the forelady. Rosie's consistent policy seemed to be that of browbeating those in whom she detected any timidity. Fortunately, ours soon wore off. Her respect was directly proportionate to one's facility with the retort discourteous.

Intimidation and distrust were the predominant feelings among the workers; intimidation by the pickets and distrust of each other. The usual greetings were: "Did you get home all right last night? Did they bother you this morning?" One girl brought her umbrella every morning with no reference to the weather but as a possible means of defence and offence. This physical timidity seemed much greater than the conditions warranted. Possibly they were only unconsciously translating into objective terms their fear of a majority class opinion. Such physical intimidation seemed even more curious since the firm's hired detectives were always available for purposes of protection. They surrounded the door night and morning in addition to the regular policemen stationed there. A detective escort was furnished on the request of any worker. At least one, with a pistol protruding from his pocket, patrolled the shop at intervals. This atmosphere naturally bred distrust. Each worker suspected that her neighbor might be a spy. Real opinions were expressed gradually. It was only after several days when the girls at our table had become convinced of our having no union affiliations that they would talk freely.

The evolution of active union antagonism among these girls was obvious. They do not come to the factory for the purpose of breaking the strike but because they need work. Although they are nearly all experienced garment workers they happen, mainly through inertia or lack of interest, not to have joined the union. Having once come in as strike breakers they are quick to feel the opprobrium of the strikers whose places they have taken. They have become scabs and between scab and striker there can be only hatred. The business of peacefully earning their living has been interrupted and the natural result is bitterness toward the cause of the interruption. Their latent instinct of pugnacity is aroused. They become bitterly intolerant of all members of the union. Their ideas of labor organization become warped and distorted by their personal hatreds. This attitude was exemplified in May, an attractive young mulatto at our table. Apparently May was of more than ordinary education and personal ambition. At night she studied elocution. Her gentle manner and her unfailing courtesy were noticeable. Hers was not a nature one would readily suspect of unreasoning prejudices. And yet she was as vehement as any in her denunciations of the union—as blind as any in her failure to realize the existence of an underlying purpose or principle. She too saw only warring personalities.

Something of this same surprising violent personal animosity was also observed in Susie, a care-

free, light-hearted Negro girl from South Carolina. Her outlook on life was utterly childlike in its simplicity. She had no conception of the meaning of labor organization. When we assumed ignorance and asked her the cause of the strike she replied vaguely: "Oh, they're always strikin'—wantin' more money or som'pin'. I'd just like to get my scissors at one of 'em if she said anything to me."

Not once, even in response to the direct question, did we find a worker who knew the reason for the strike. As a matter of fact, one old woman who sought employment with us, was actually hired and went to work without knowing of the existence of the strike. There was nothing in the process of employment to convey this information.

The nearest approach to an understanding of the theories of labor unionism we found in one of the drapers, a comely, rather mature woman whose knowledge of sewing had been learned in high school. In one of the heated lunch hour discussions she explained that she agreed with the purpose of labor organization—"uniting for protection" as she expressed it, but that she "wouldn't belong to any union made up of foreigners who came over here to get away from conditions in their own country and then weren't satisfied with what they found." This might have been attributed to 100 percent Americanism had she not remarked a few

minutes later, utterly unconscious of her inconsistency: "You can't get justice in any court in the United States. Better get it yourself. If a picket hits you finish her up before the policeman gets there." Her attitude toward the union, which she considered "made up of foreigners" was simply one of unreasoning race hatred.

It's a thin shingle that hasn't two sides. Fully realizing this, we were eager to find among the strike breakers any sincere convictions as defence for their position. We found instead utter lack of comprehension of any fundamental issue—only confusion and strife over union methods; only petty animosities and race hatreds; only selfish absorption in keeping a job.

The non-union worker having thus become, through accident of circumstance rather than through conviction, a scab, comes into direct conflict with the union. Having once taken a side in the contested question she proceeds upon the assumption that hers is the right side. She does not deliberate upon the actual issues of the contest but concentrates upon personal hatred of those "awful pickets" who are on the other side of this particular question. Her attitude evolves into one of open belligerency and thenceforward her position is that of avowed antagonism. With such a start this is the material from which the professional strike breaker may easily be developed.

VIRGINIA SPENCE AND CLARE OUSLEY.

The Type Which Rules Russia

IN secret revolutionary circles, in prisons known as "the universities of the revolution," in forlorn Siberian villages where the term of exile was never less than three years, ordinarily five, a number of Russian manual workers received their education. It was a long process. For over twenty years, between 1896 when the first great strike wave rose, until 1917 when the revolution became victorious, groups of industrial workers were emerging from darkness into the light of class-consciousness and struggle. The leading subterranean organizations, composed mainly of intellectuals, differed in program and tactics. They often opposed each other. They often developed a spirit of factionalism. They suffered from persecution and often disappeared. Their lasting contribution, however, remained the enlightened worker who, being less conspicuous and acting within a crowd of other workers, was less in danger of being "eliminated" by police raids.

The enlightened worker was a new type in Russian life. A "son of the people," with relatives in the backward villages, himself perhaps an early immigrant from the village, he had adopted the manners and the speech of a cultured man. He had requirements far above those of his seniors in the trade. He read books. In fact, he was avid for books. He crowded all the open lecture halls

wherever he could find them and enjoyed whatever intellectual food they offered. He went to theatres. He gleaned a political meaning even from the most innocent books of fiction. He was all politics. He was all rebellion. He rebelled even against the intellectuals of the secret revolutionary organization because he did not trust their sincerity and disliked their hegemony.

Time passed. The revolution of 1905-6 made possible, at least, the existence of a political press. Lectures became more frequent. Books and pamphlets of a socialist nature could be openly published. The number of schools for adults increased. The advanced worker availed himself of all these vehicles of enlightenment. Each industrial centre had a branch of this unorganized brotherhood of revolutionary intelligent workers. They were aware of their power, and they represented "labor" wherever the government saw itself compelled to call upon the working classes for assistance in order to save its face, as in the case of the workmen's representation on the War Industries Board.

It was this brotherhood of enlightened workers that carried to victory the Bolshevik revolution. In the soviets of the workmen and soldiers, in the Red guard units, in the shop committees, on the Red battleships, the cultured workers were the active force. Immediately after seizure

of power these men took it upon themselves to administer the affairs of the state. They had very little, if any, practical experience in the conduct of official business. Yet time was pressing, delay would have been fatal, the trained intelligentsia sternly refused to cooperate with the new state power, the Bolshevik intelligentsia was small in number, the country was passing through the most acute crisis in history, immediate action was imperative. Action came from the class-conscious workmen. They invaded all the offices of the administration, drove out the striking officials and set the machinery in motion. They drove out the staffs of the railway administrations and seized control of transportation. They removed the striking telephone and post office operators and replaced them by their own men and women. They became active in demobilizing the army, saving the regiments that could be saved from the general wreck and ruin, and putting at their head commanders of their own. They began to expel the owners and managers of factories and replace them by workmen's committees. All this was done in great haste, under the most terrific strain, while civil war was rampant, while everybody predicted the fall of the new regime within a week or two, while the Germans were invading the country, and while famine stared in the face of the new republic. The shock to the country was enormous. The government machinery threatened to stop every moment. It creaked and groaned and rasped and clattered horribly. Its inefficiency was ludicrous. The treasury was in the hands of men who had never seen a check book. The government plants were managed by workmen who had never seen a ledger. The army units were under command of plain soldiers. Nobody believed the thing could be done. Quite often the new administrators ran into a tangle which, from a historic perspective, seems almost childish. But they persisted. They worked. They learned. They grasped fundamentals in an instant. They straightened out the worst complications. Today the machinery is running more or less smoothly. Those who created and operated it originally, are still occupying responsible positions everywhere. They, the enlightened workmen plus a sprinkling of enlightened peasants, form the new intelligentsia in Russia, the intelligentsia of the Soviets. They are the backbone of the Communist party, the backbone of the entire system.

An attempt may be made to characterize this group. It is hard to ascertain its number, but quite obviously it is not confined to the Communist party alone. There are tens of thousands of active enlightened workmen, supporters of the Soviet system, who, for one reason or another, have not enlisted in the ruling party. On the other hand, many of the Communist workers could not be classed as members of this enlightened group. Guesses are of little use, but if a guess should be made, it would have to be assumed that the number of the new intelligentsia reaches away over one hundred thousand and it is continuously increasing. They are scattered all over Russia, but larger groups of them are to be found in the main industrial centres. They cooperate with that part of the Bolshevik intelligentsia which originated from middle-class families, but they are in a dominant position, and they assimilate others, so much so that the former sons of "good families" begin rather to resemble former factory hands than vice versa.

The new man would be classed by his opponents as half-baked or half-cultured. This would hardly be true. In many fields, particularly in the theory and practice of the

labor movement, domestic and foreign, in understanding the political situation of his country, in understanding the needs and moods of the masses, his knowledge is thorough. In many other realms he has accumulated a stock of new information. As a member of a local or a provincial soviet, as a delegate to numerous conferences and conventions, he has acquired a many-sided acquaintance with the constitution and the statutes of his country. As a manager of an industrial plant he has become familiar with a great number of technical details, besides a wider understanding of the business. As a commander of an army unit he has specialized in military knowledge. As railroad administrator he knows the technique of transportation. As food administrator he has dealt both with the larger aspects and with the minute details of the agrarian problem. His new knowledge is not profound. Sometimes it lacks the foundation of an elementary education, yet it suffices as a working tool and is being constantly improved.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the new man is intrepidity. All those doubts, queries, forebodings which tortured the old intelligentsia are unknown to him. His philosophy is quite definite, the philosophy of economic materialism. His social conceptions amount to a firm conviction of the possibility and feasibility at the present moment of a socialist state in all the modern countries the world over. His dislike of the bourgeoisie is not the fruit of altruistic emotions but it is part of his nature. He is not aware of theoretical profundities. He cares little for religion. He is decidedly of this life and this time and has an unusual appetite for the enjoyment of the things that are.

His intrepidity is carried into the realm of practical affairs. The new man approaches unknown difficulties with a boldness and vigor which spell success. He assumes that there is nothing on earth or heaven that a man with general intelligence and great willingness cannot learn in a brief time. He does not refuse to occupy a position whose duties are foreign to him. He is convinced that what looks baffling at first sight will become clay under his hands upon nearer acquaintance. Sometimes he is mistaken. But he is difficult to dishearten. He would easily recognize an error, he would retract when need be,—a trait closely related to the lack of obligations towards an all-embracing and subtle theory—but he would not give up. The thing must be done at whatever cost,—is his slogan.

It follows that the new man has an obstinacy unknown to the intelligentsia of the former periods. His working capacity is large. His endurance is equal to his physical strength. We call it self-sacrificing spirit. In his eyes it is work that must be done. Overtime after eight hours of crushing labor in the mills, late hours of exhausting activities in governmental departments, sleep in the mud of the fields at the front in warfare with the foreign invaders, travel in overcrowded, unclean box-cars on official errands, attendance at meetings and committee sessions in cold, unfriendly rooms after a day's fatiguing work, does not seem extraordinary to him and does not dismay him as it does the intellectual of the older style. The new man is of a stronger fibre. He enjoys activity where the old intellectual enjoyed brooding.

The new man feels responsibility for the existing order. It is *his* state and his order. Whereas the old intelligentsia always had to look at revolutionary ideas either "from the standpoint of the worker" or "from the standpoint of the peasant," the new man looks at the revolution and its achievements from his own standpoint. He makes no com-

promises and therefore has no reason to shirk his duties. He has won a victory and wishes to retain his superior position. This is why he does not blame anybody when he discovers an error committed. He has no respect for traditions, for written laws, for constitutional guarantees, for refinements of the legal mind. Traditions cannot hamper a man who has but yesterday appeared on the surface of a brand new world. Written laws have no sanctity to a fighter who has just thrown on the scrap heap a staggering volume of written laws accumulated these last three hundred years and who has in a whirl created a new set of laws to work with. Legal reasoning is in sharp contrast to the character of a man of practical action. To the new man, the idea that law is "man made" is as natural as it is natural for a workman to throw away a tool and grasp a better one when work must be speeded up. *My country, my power, my responsibility, my law*—is the article of faith of the new man, to the despair of the mystic philosopher and the jurist.

The new intellectual is ordinarily good-natured but he can be grim. He has regard for the personality of others but he can be implacable to his foes. His attitude towards the old intelligentsia is that of envy and contempt. He envies the ease with which it handles ideas quite beyond his reach. He envies accumulated theoretical and practical knowledge. This is perhaps a more corroding feeling than the envy formerly aroused in him by material luxuries. The old intelligentsia is, to his mind, a group of bourgeois monopolists who, on the shoulders of the people, attained to heights of knowledge and experience sorely needed for the workmen's republic. He despises the intelligentsia for its lack of sympathy with the new order, and, wherever he can, he makes it feel his domination. When he makes the old intelligentsia give instruction in the new schools, the training grounds of the new intelligentsia, he is animated by the same spirit of revenge which he experienced when he made the manager of an old private firm conduct affairs in favor of the people. "To break the cultural monopoly of the bourgeoisie" is to him one of the greatest aims of the revolution.

The avidity of the new man for knowledge is unquenchable. His prowess in overcoming material and mental difficulties is amazing. Not only things immediately necessary for his practical activities absorb his interest. He makes it his business to take as much as he can from the old culture created by the bourgeoisie. In a way, he passes through the same stages of development that were passed by the intelligentsia long ago. He greedily reads the classics. He is fascinated by productions of Shakespeare, Molière and Schiller. He goes to picture galleries where romantic painting makes the strongest appeal to his imagination. He packs the Moscow art theatre of which the fastidious intelligentsia speaks as of an art stage long passed. He crowds lecture rooms and evening courses. All this he does not without effort, but with a virile determination and a great deal of sacrifice.

In his private life the new man is close to the ordinary workman. His house may be cleaner and his speech dotted with foreign words of which he does not always know the exact meaning; yet essentially he is a worker. He shuns no physical labor. He certainly has no contempt for physical labor. He has no contempt for the man of the masses. He speaks his language perfectly, and in time of crisis he can deal with him more easily than any representative of the other classes. On the other hand, he does not eulogize over the "poor people." He knows their

faults which are his own. Sometimes he has in store for them a harsh word which they take from him more placidly than from anybody else. In fact, he is sometimes too eager, too vociferous, he often overreaches himself in administrative zeal, but this is an old general trait of a temperamental, imaginative nation, as is its bent towards too much control and, consequently, an abundance of red tape in public affairs. With all this, the new man is an undaunted optimist. Hasn't he gained a whole world, and isn't it true that he had to lose nothing but his chains?

The new intelligentsia is vitally interested in increasing its number. Public schools and secondary schools will yield a new crop of men only in years to come. Meanwhile, national affairs cannot be delayed. The Soviet government has created a great number of schools to train new functionaries. Chief among them are the workers' faculties attached to each university, giving two years' training courses for young workmen and peasants which will enable them to pursue university studies. The Communist party schools and colleges give earnest instruction in sociology and economics and prepare the students for administrative work. The officers' training camps ("courses for Red commanders") give to tens of thousands of workmen and peasants not only specific military knowledge but also a general education and, in some of them, a working knowledge of engineering, chemistry, railroads, business administration. The schools of the labor unions prepare union officials. The cultural resources of the entire country, the libraries, museums, lecture halls, theatres, musical forces are all at the disposal of those new breeding places of the new leaders of Russia.

When Russia emerges from the present crisis into a more stable and comfortable mode of living, its spiritual life will have assumed a totally new aspect.

MOISSAYE J. OLGIN.

Pastoral

It is October in our hearts.
The vineyards of the years are ripe.
From thinning forests Pan departs,
And we shall never hear his pipe
Playing across the hill.

O it was well to drink our fill
Of pleasure when the sun was high,
And it is well beneath the still
Suspense of twilight-laden sky
To drink our fill of sleep.

The hush that follows song is deep,
Far deeper than the song was gay,
And autumn pasturing ghostly sheep
Among the fields of yesterday
Is shepherd of our dreams.

Heap the dead leaves beside the streams
Where youth has heard the summer song;
Heap the bonfire that redeems
The dead who wake in light, and throng
The shadows where it darts. . . .

It is October in our hearts.

ROBERT HILLYER.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Russian Children

SIR: I have just read the appeal for relief for the destitute children of Soviet Russia and trust that it meets with a quick response from the already surfeited public, to whom so many requests for foreign charity have been made.

Since September, 1918, I have been engaged in relief work in Russia. At the completion of my term of service I made a trip into Siberia, going over the Amur line from Vladivostok to Chita. The trip in took thirteen days, and I had abundant opportunity to see and talk with the children, their teachers and parents. Certainly no children in the war area are more needful than these, and I hope sincerely that the Friends will extend their aid to the territory of the Republic of the Far East.

These children need food, medicine, clothing and school supplies. A very effective blockade prevents the receipt of supplies from the East, but the West is open and Soviet Russia could be counted on to send forward items designated for Siberia. It should be borne in mind that these children are still feeling the weight of warfare. They have had nothing. They are prevented from going to school because they are naked, and barefooted in great numbers. Nothing else will keep them away. The passion for schooling is intense on the part of their parents, and extends to the children as well. In most of the schools there are no books. At one station, the weather stood at several degrees below zero. The train was visited by the greater part of the school population of the village. There was not a whole suit or dress in the number. Flesh was visible through the rags which made up their partial covering. These children were plainly undernourished. They did not ask for food or clothing or sweets or money, but they did appeal for pencils and paper and ink. The scene was not staged.

At Vladivostok I visited the refugees from the Nikolaivesk massacre. There were several hundred people living in barracks that were mostly open to the freezing weather. A number of children were dying from exposure and disease and hunger. And yet, at one end of the barracks an emaciated teacher was carrying on school. Parents were remaining in bed so that school might be attended, putting the children to bed upon the close of lessons and resuming the warm rags that had been given them in the morning. The Russian teacher deserves a panegyric. No religious devotee is more self-sacrificing.

I have seen and studied school children in many lands. The organization which I represented fed 23,000 school children in north Russia. I saw many of them. No children of any land make a greater appeal or hold forth more promise as world citizens than the children of Russia. They have committed no political crimes. The work of the committee, though belated, is worthy, and I hope the response will be commensurate.

D. O. LIVELY.

Harbin, Manchuria.

National Adolescence

SIR: In national and international questions, political leaders ignore the physical nation. There is a vast difference between what the spirit of a nation would do and what it could do through the physical means which it possesses.

The life of a nation is analogous to a life of a man. It begins an infant, grows, becomes old, cannot foretell its future, never fully understands itself.

To some extent we now sympathize with the physical man, but we have not yet sympathy for the physical nation. When we have, we shall cease abhorring war as we have ceased to abhor discussions of sex. We shall not then be afraid to meet the warring tendencies of the nation and understand them. We shall acknowledge those tendencies in nations and we shall find a way to let them function, without causing great destruction.

A small boy is sincere in his concrete promises for the future, but would we attempt to hold him to those promises when he becomes a man? Nations, like people, are growing up and getting old. The different states of their lives bring different desires

and different viewpoints. Just as a man would not feel bound to keep all the concrete promises which he may have been willing to make at seven, so a nation will not necessarily bind itself in a period of great strength to promises which it may have been willing to make in a period of comparative infancy.

AN AMERICAN.

Questions in Einstein

SIR: In your issue of July 6, 1921, Mr. Morris R. Cohen reviewed several books on the Einstein Theory of Relativity. Some of these books discuss the "slowing down" of a "moving clock," but leave one rather puzzled as to just what this means. Perhaps Mr. Cohen would be willing to explain.

"As a consequence of its motion, the clock goes more slowly than when at rest." (Theory of Relativity by Albert Einstein, page 37 of English Edition.) Now to me this is an ambiguous statement. I can think of three things it might mean:

(1) That moving a clock has such an effect on its mechanism as to make it actually run slower. This slowing down would be similar to the effect on a pendulum clock caused by placing it in an elevator descending with increasing acceleration,—a slowing down explicable by classical mechanics, and due to the lessened pull of gravity on the pendulum.

(2) That though the clock runs at the same speed ("same speed" as here used to be interpreted by common sense, and not by any new conception based on relativity) it *appears* to run slower as seen by a stationary observer, because the observer, at any moment, sees the hands where they were when the light then causing his retinal image left the clock, and the light reaching him at each second has further to travel than the light which reached him the second before.

(3) That the clock actually runs slower (as in case 1), not, however, because rapid motion retards its mechanism, but because being a clock intended to keep the time at a moving point, it was designed and regulated to keep the time proper to such a point; that is, a slower time, so that it differs from an ordinary clock, as a clock keeping mean solar time differs from a clock keeping sidereal time. In cases 1 and 3 there would, of course, be a still further retardation apparent to a stationary observer for the reasons stated in case 2. That there are two such separable retardations is pointed out by Eddington (page 24, Cambridge Edition).

Which of the three agrees with the Theory of Relativity? Or is there yet another way in which a moving clock can be said to "slow down"?

CECIL BARNES.

Chicago, Illinois.

[Of Mr. Barnes's alternatives the last comes nearest to what Einstein means by saying that a clock in motion is slower than if it were at rest. Mr. Barnes, however, does not sufficiently emphasize the new principle of relativity.

Alternative 2 is true in the older, or Newtonian, relativity, and is not questioned in the newer theory.

Alternative 1, if we leave out the reference to gravity, represents the view of Lorentz and Fitzgerald that there is an actual physical slowing up of all clocks in motion—in motion with reference to the ether or absolute space.

According to Einstein, however, we can never physically determine "actual" or absolute rest and motion, and no one clock can, therefore, be said to represent "the" true or absolute time. But of any two similarly constructed clocks that are in motion relative to each other, we may take either one as at rest and then the other will be found to be relatively slower—and this apart from the effect of increasing distance noted in alternative 2. Thus, if I take the earth as at rest and the sun as in motion, the time of an event, say the period of a light wave, would be longer on the sun than on the earth. This follows from Einstein's original or special theory of relativity, which takes no account of gravitation. The additional considerations which the latter involves are not necessary to answer Mr. Barnes's question.—MORRIS R. COHEN.]

The K. K. K.

SIR: A recent issue of a Middle-Western newspaper carried a full page story of the activities of the Ku Klux Klan, giving the requirements for membership. Only "100 per cent Americans" were eligible. The September 6th issue of the Chicago Tribune carried a news item stating that the K. K. K. in Texas had forced the Negroes to accept lower wages. Shades of Prussianism! How the diabolical laughter of those Prussian ghosts will ring down through the coming century when they see the seeds of their order bearing fruit in the Land of the Free!

PIERRE A. MILLER.

Prescott, Arizona.

A Kentucky Wonder Bean

SIR: Most public school heads in California urge their teachers at the beginning of each school year to join the State Teachers' Association. One of the benefits the teachers derive from this form of involuntary taxation is a year's subscription to the Sierra Educational News. Some public school teachers in California will appreciate keenly a sketch of the new Commissioner of Education as published in the September issue of this school journal. One paragraph reads:

"The New Age magazine says of Mr. Tigert: The new Commissioner is young, energetic, and progressive. A student of philosophy and psychology, a man with a world vision, he will not use the Bureau of Education as a medium to further impossible Utopias of education, but will proceed along the line of common sense. At a banquet given in his honor by the Lexington Board of Commerce, he announced his intention of fighting communism, bolshevism, socialism, and all forms of government that do not recognize the rights of property and the right of genius to its just reward."

Since Dr. Tigert has "world vision," he doubtless knows that in his "fight" against the isms it will be logical for him to prepare an Index Expurgatorious for the New Testament, the works of Tolstoi, Jane Addams, Graham Taylor, Dr. Steiner, President Lowell and Professor Chaffee. He should also rivet his eagle eye on Postmaster General Will Hays and Secretary Hughes, for they have done some indiscreet things in public life. And, oh yes! some standardized teachers have been much upset by the frankness of Main Street. Take it from the library shelves!

For Dr. Tigert's Hall of Fame what a democratic assortment could be listed. A few names are: Ogden Armour, Rockefeller, Charlie Chaplin, Judge Gary, Tex Rickard, Jack Dempsey, Senator Lusk. All of these enjoy "the rights of property and the right of genius to its just reward."

When Dr. Tigert appears on the lecture platforms of "our Annual Teachers Insitutes" his audiences will get a great deal of "inspiration" and "food for thought"; the teachers hearing him will be enabled "to keep step" with "the advanced thought" of one of "our great educators."

Please pass the Kentucky Wonder Beans.

PHILIP H. STEVENS.

Santa Monica, California.

The German Treaty

SIR: The Harding administration has fulfilled expectations. It has made a separate peace treaty with Germany containing all the bad features of the Versailles Treaty and leaving out its one redeeming feature, the Covenant of the League of Nations. America, under Harding and Hughes, is afraid to say that it will enforce the Versailles Treaty, is afraid to say that the Versailles Treaty is bad, and is afraid to say that the League of Nations is good. The treaty which the Senate will soon be called on to ratify gives to France no hope of security and to Germany no hope of a more moderate policy on the part of her conquerors.

There were many good reasons for rejecting the Treaty of Versailles. There is not one good reason for accepting the treaty signed at Berlin. Those who care anything about world peace should fight this latest product of American "statesmanship" to the last ditch.

MYRON M. JOHNSON.

Hartford, Connecticut.

The Bandwagon

ACADEMIC FREEDOM

He thought he saw the naked Truth
Come to him in a dream.

"It is suppressed desire" he cried

And gave a startled scream.

"Swear you are not," he said entranced

"As lovely as you seem."

MARION CLINCH CALKINS.

YES, POLLYANNA, WHEN WILL IT START?

The fact is, of course, that there is ahead the greatest era of expansion and prosperity the world has ever seen. Every one knows this and the only question discussed is when it will start.—Mr. Hays in Cleveland, September 6.

HOT-WEATHER WIT

The New Republic represents an intellectualism which has the cerebation of a roll of wall paper and a liberalism which has the processes of a hardware catalogue.—Chicago Tribune.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY IS NOT STRAINED

There may be little left of the Russian gold reserve, but Russia has means of payment in other forms, and it would be foolish to let the Bolshevik powers exploit outside philanthropy and retain intact the wealth they have seized and control for the entrenchment of their own authority.—The Chicago Tribune.

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

H. L. Mencken's Prejudices "has the characteristics of the Yellow Press of the author's country, the United States of America. It is 'vigorous' and 'snappy'. Its style is 'forcible' and 'picturesque'. It speaks with confidence and decision from half knowledge or complete ignorance. The plain man may recognize in it his own thoughts crisply expressed. It relies upon headlines. Like an ill-bred little boy, it is sometimes shocking, sometimes amusing, and sometimes both together. One feels that if only Mr. Mencken had something to say it might be rather fun considering the decorous dullness of much English criticism.—London Times.

What a marvelous perception!

Mencken hasn't any mind.

Why, like Rabelais and Shakespeare,

Cannot Mencken be refined?

Must we long endure this creature

Who is "vigorous" and crisp,

Who is "picturesque" and "snappy"?

Shoo him off, we humbly lisp.

Our idea of a critic

Is a man genteel and pale

Who goes ambling in the twilight

To put salt on culture's tail.

PAGE THE K. K. K.

Jealous as are Americans of their individual rights, they are abnormally sympathetic and alive to any effort made for their benefit if they understand it, know why it is being done and what are its purposes.—Health News.

After the Play

TWO revivals: *The Easiest Way* and *The Merry Widow*. One new production: *Don Juan*.

One should not miss *The Easiest Way*, especially if one has never seen it before. Some day the curtain must fall for the last time on that picturesque old charlatan, David Belasco, and it is worth while watching this extremely clever and well-arranged clap-trap for which he is so much responsible. It has practically nothing to do with the human soul. It has no ethos, as I believe the Bryn Mawr ladies call it. But what place has ethos in the American theatre? What one looks for is "drama"—a situation sufficiently simple and convincing so that, when the particular mouse we're asked to watch slips out to steal her cheese, one innocent nibble releases the spring and down on her neck, whack! comes the relentless trap. There you have "drama," with Belasco sauce, and if you want ethos besides you'd better read a book.

To give us the terrible whack in the case of *The Easiest Way* we have three perfectly standardized human beings, two men and a woman. The woman is a "kept" woman, a high-class prostitute. She has drifted, by processes more or less drowned by the rustling of late arrivals at the performance, from some unhappy economic condition of the past into this condition of loveless but amicable enslavement, economically happy. We see her first, with one foot in prostitution, and another in the theatrical profession—a state, by the way, that is offered with unflattering candor but (one supposes) on the author's and producer's sound authority. When the curtain goes up, this woman Laura (played by Miss Frances Starr) is in the act of informing her proprietor, a "wise" New York broker, that she has fallen in love with a simple, buoyant young Western newspaperman, wide of horizon and bounding in faith, and that if he comes through with his offer to marry her she is going to explain her past, marry him and go straight.

The scene is admirably thought out for this announcement. It is on a clean mountain verandah in Colorado, in God's great out-of-doors. It even reminds one of a scene in Henry James, "pink with the mountain rose, the cool air as fresh as if the world were young." The lovely mountain-side with "undiminished snows" is visible in the distance. As the act passes the sunset plays on it and above it, toward the end, a shy little star comes wambling in the sky.

Does the broker beat his "woman" when she tells him, in the sunny afternoon, that she may quit him? Not at all. He is an economist. He simply says, "This young fellow hasn't any money. You're a spender. You can't live without money. You think you'll go back into the theatrical game and wait for him. You haven't got the spunk to do it. But you suit me, I like you, I'll miss you, I'm willing to gamble on your coming back to me." Then, later, to the young man: "You have faith, young man, and I like you. I tell you what I'll do. If she ever comes back, I'll be 'on the level' with you, I'll let let you know."

There, of course, you have the mouse-trap recognizably planted. If Laura goes back to this man-about-town, he promises to let Mr. Y. Lochinvar know all about it. And you realize, naturally, (the American theatre being the American theatre), that Laura will just have gone back to Mr. Broker when, behold, Lochinvar lands a great big nugget and comes with it to Laura—too late.

The second act is devoted to the rolling-up of Laura. She lives in an awful New York theatrical boarding-house

with red wall-paper, and she owes three weeks' rent. Lochinvar writes to her every day—darling letters, a shoe-box full, but not a cent of tribute. Poverty stares her in the face. We see her frugal meal—she blows the snow from the little old milk-bottle as she takes it from the sill. An antique out-of-work actor comes in to chat. Cheery bird, but he brings no hope. The landlady duns her. Laura snuffles, hums bravely, snuffles again. Then arrives the temptress—or rather, the procuress, a strapping young girl who knew Laura at Claridge's (used to be Rector's). The broker, it appears, is a power in the theatrical business. Laura can't get work anywhere except through his favor. Extraordinary coincidence! But, O God of our Fathers, what can a young girl do? The picture of Lochinvar comes tremulously off the wall, the shoe-box of letters is hidden away, the broker (who has been waiting downstairs while the amusing show-girl prostitute acted as advance agent) comes up stairs, is very non-sensational and deft and kind, hands her a few hundred dollar bills, arranges a party at Claridge's, arranges her departure for a clean hotel, (the wages of sin is cleanliness), and then makes her write a letter to young Lochinvar, dictated but not signed, which she (lame invention) is to mail.

Laura, being weak, wants to play the game both ways—wants to solve the unemployment problem at the broker's expense and at the same time wants to keep herself for the man she loves. So she does not mail the letter. She burns it. Returning to the bed of the broker, she goes on loving her young man. Then, by the time she is fairly settled as the broker's mistress and is working in a theatre he controls, word comes that Lochinvar has struck it rich and is on his way to claim her. She hides this news, but the broker learns it, learns that she never mailed his letter, and learns that she still wants to marry the young man. Once more he gives her rope. He announces an ultimatum and a time-limit: she must tell Lochinvar the whole truth.

When Loch arrives from the West so happy, so sanguine, so credulous, so eager to marry her and snatch her up and carry her back, Laura defies the ultimatum and decides to risk deceiving both men. On the way to get the license, however, the man hears a rumor of her liaison. Just as she is perjuring herself about this, the broker opens the door of his "love-nest" and walks in. A situation. She tries to shoot herself, under the disillusioned gaze of her retreating Lochinvar. When he goes, she tries again. But her heart isn't in it. Then, to the tune of a hurdy-gurdy that played once before when she was reading her love-letters, she shouts that she'll start out as a regular prostitute and "make a hit."

The moral of this play, it seems to me, is quite sound—Once a prostitute, always a defective. And Miss Starr acts the part of a defective to perfection. But it is interesting, if one is looking for "drama," to see how the anecdote is psychologized. It is arranged, as said before, with three types, types standardized by the newspapers and consequently circulating as sound currency all over America. One is the breezy, healthy-minded, virile, Western lover, who raises ideals of womanhood as the plains raise alfalfa and who thinks in great romantic chunks. I never saw him, but Laura could have sold him the Bush Terminal Building as well as her loyalty while she was about it. His vis-à-vis, the wealthy broker, is equally real. He is at one moment the shrewd calculating sensualist, at another moment the romancer who doesn't mail the letter he dictates. He is the irritable rounder but he is always the gentleman to his "kept" woman, never sentimental, never

brutal, never foul-tempered. In other words, the intoxication without the vomit, as the American middle-class demands. No abortions, no rough talk, no bed-candor, nothing but pink lights, references to being "on the level," and some strong silent wordliness. The third type, Laura, is merely the whimpering mouse. Mr. Belasco having provided the cheese and Mr. Walter having set the spring, we watch the eternal playhouse-feminine caught in the trap. She would not have been caught in the trap if, being unemployed as an actress, she had got \$10 a week from her fiancé (who, when a dollar still stood for 100% dollarism, earned \$30—a salary on which newspaper men often married). Or, if this solution didn't offer itself, she could have addressed envelopes, become a waitress or a sales-girl. The "easiest" way, in fact, to a girl really in love, is the incredible way. If she were drunk, or mentally defective, or rudderless—yes. But what do these things matter in a theatre à la Scribe? And people do get a thrill. "Oh!" I heard one young woman say, "it was lovely to see that first scene and those two men in the dark, only their cigars. But oh! it was terr-bul!" So, on a plebiscite, Mr. Belasco would probably win.

The Merry Widow is a refreshing change. It shows us Laura under the name of Flo-Flo, Clo-Clo, Frou-Frou or Choo-Choo, playing friskily around. It is certainly no more realistic but it manages to be twenty times as amusing. Coming from that far-off world, the world before the war, The Merry Widow seems gay, innocent and old-fashioned. The tenor from Amsterdam, Mr. Reginald Pasch, is extremely pleasing. He has verve, humor, and an expressive voice, with a distinguished profile. The merry widow, Mme. Lydia Lipkowska, is an accomplished and charming performer with a light touch. Mr. Jefferson de Angelis clowns admirably.

Don Juan, translated from the French of Henri Bataille by Lawrence Langner, is one of the best plays now being shown in New York. The setting is the choicest work of Mr. Lee Simonson that it has been my fortune to see. The second act, the cathedral of Seville, is cleverly managed in a tiny space and in addition is rich in color, atmosphere and depth of feeling, the streams of Spanish costumes and the funeral procession of "Don Juan" being superb. The other two settings are quite delightful, and the play equally so. Mr. Lou Tellegen does not in the least resemble the runty or hairy professors who, in real life, turn out to be so successful in love-affairs, nor is his equable and stately Don Juan so impetuous as some people seem to expect. But this hero, after all, ought to be a little tired. His depletion, combined with his matter-of-fact and dry humor, are natural to a man who has reached the stage of writing the memoirs of his dead life, and Mr. Tellegen seems to me to catch just the tone of a post-graduate lover. The sad point of the play, however, is that with a great lover as with any other performer who is excessively petted there is no such thing as a positively last appearance. When the man whom Don Juan assists into the duchess's bed as his substitute is unfortunately killed by the angry husband, Don Juan has the joy of attending his own funeral and watching himself in the mirror of his fellow-beings. But even this sobering experience doesn't cure him of romance. Like drunkards who end by becoming silly on a pint of beer, Don Juan cannot resist—but that is M. Bataille's story. It is a cool and witty story, though probably too veracious for our village.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

Marionettes of Fate

Punch: The Immortal Liar, by Conrad Aiken. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.00.

CONRAD AIKEN, as a poet, has matured very slowly; and that, I believe, is a good thing. The farther a man is destined to travel, the slower he is about it—witness, for instance, Goethe. There has been a hopeful lengthiness about Mr. Aiken's progress which should warn critics to keep on the alert.

All young poets are imitative, but Mr. Aiken's first work was almost pathetic in the obviousness of its imitation. To say that a young writer is like an older one, is easy criticism and sounds learned. So the reviewers fell upon Mr. Aiken with gusto and pointed out that he was first like Mr. Masefield and then like Mr. Masters, and paid no attention to that part of his poetry which was like nobody at all but a young person with so fatal a facility for the writing of verse that it had far outstripped the growth of his personality.

That Mr. Aiken had stuff in him, became constantly more evident as volume after volume appeared over his name. Finding that "imitation" no longer did as a tag, the reviewers took up "obscurity," and so was Mr. Aiken flayed again, and with enough justice to injure him considerably in the eyes of the sheeplike public. But the man was crystallizing. With an enormous courage, he pursued his own way, and gradually his direction cleared to his sight.

It has been both a good and a bad thing for Mr. Aiken to have been so much affected by Freud. In spite of the apparent objectivity of Mr. Aiken's work, he is a subjective poet, projecting his ego into the world about him. Science, which is the outcome of logical thought, wedded to a purely emotional series of reactions, is bound to create a good deal of disturbance. So in *The Jig of Forslin* and *The Nocturne of Remembered Spring* we find much beauty playing over an inchoate mass of sensations imperfectly directed by a theory which Mr. Aiken only vaguely apprehended. Little by little, however, the theory is becoming a mere dash of coloring matter in a substance more and more made up of the material of pure poetry. Man's struggles with himself, man engaged in realizing himself before a chill and unrelenting natural law, have become his theme. It took a recognizable shape first in *Senlin*; urged itself forward vigorously in *The House of Dust*, and now, in *Punch*, has achieved a splendid and veritable triumph. For, in this last book, Mr. Aiken has cast his ego into the form of humanity. The particular in him fades before the universal, and we have a phase of experience dropped into a mold of poetry so perfectly adequate to receive it that the result is one of the most significant books of the poetry renaissance.

There has never been any question of Mr. Aiken's poetic ability, what he has needed hitherto was not a technique, but a subject; not the power to create a style, but a theme of sufficient weight for that style to act upon. His prime desideratum has been an idea so compelling that the tide of his words could not escape from it. Death, the motif of *The House of Dust*, failed in being such an idea exactly in proportion to its immensity, it admitted too many ways of treatment and allowed too many loopholes for Mr. Aiken's besetting sin—the blur. This sharply bounded, dominant idea he has at last discovered, and beautifully discovered, in the old *Comedia della Arte*.

His treatment of the story of Punch is modern to the last notch; his taking it at all, in line with all great art.

As Professor Lowes has pointed out, the greatest poets seldom invent their stories, for the excellent reason that there are no new stories to invent. They take an old tale and relate it to their times, as the old tales can always be related; they have become old just because they are so continually new, otherwise they would have perished before age crept upon them. Mr. Aiken took the theme of Punch as Goethe took the theme of Faust, and his conception of his story is no less great than was Goethe's of his. If Punch fails to receive a public response equal to that accorded to Faust, the reason does not lie in its conception of treatment, but in the fact that the Faust story is more nearly related to common humanity. It may, or may not, be true that mankind is held in the net of an inexorable Fate; but, true or not, such a theory is certainly unpopular. What the public accepts or refuses in the realm of speculation need concern the poet no whit, however. He has got hold of a superb theme, and he has carried it out superbly. Personally, I find this book more interesting than any volume I have seen for a great while.

It has never been in individual scenes that Mr. Aiken's long poems have failed; what he has not succeeded in has been the building up of the whole. His poetical architectonics have been weak. No such reproach attaches to Punch. In this poem, the architectonics are beautifully managed. Nothing could be better than the progression of the different parts of the poem.

Let us take the central idea and see how Mr. Aiken breaks it up and presents it. Punch knows himself frail as human nature is frail; he feels himself in the clutch of forces he can neither withstand nor guide, and he also feels the need of asserting himself to himself lest he go mad with fear at his own impotence. This assertion to himself only becomes operative through its return from other people; for which reason, he tries to impress every one with whom he comes in contact with a sense of his will and inviolability. Seeking this end, he tells tales of a prowess which he knows to be false, chiefly with a desire to cheat himself into the belief that it is true, and fails, fails in fact, while at the same time succeeding unconsciously by the mere paradox of his desire to be what he is not. Desire itself is one of the rare flowers of humanity; and, because he desired enough to suffer, he does impress those with wit enough to see past his play-acting to its cause.

The theme is given in a couple of strokes in the opening section of the poem, *Two Old Men Remember Punch*. One old man's opinion is static in proven fact; the other old man sees what is, but has also an inkling of the something beyond. "What lies he told! He had a genius for it." He admits that, yet "there was something noble about the man." We have the two opinions, and then we become actors in the tragedy ourselves, with all the pros and cons to judge the matter, if we please. The second section, *What Punch Told Them*, is Punch before the world, magnificent liar and villain. Then the reverse is given in the third section, *What Polly Once Confessed*, and we have cold actuality quenching the gorgeous lies. These three sections Mr. Aiken groups as Part I. Part II, entitled *Mountebank Carves his Puppet of Wood*, is concerned with the metaphysical undercurrent of the facts of Punch's real and recounted actions. The reasons for both are given in *He Conceives his Puppet to be*

Struggling in a Net. Here Punch speaks to us as to himself, honestly, without freakishness or bombast, and we see why he is noble in spite of his criminal weaknesses. For, to Mr. Aiken, life itself is noble, and Punch is pathetically, deplorably, alive and conscious of the hideous paradox in his own soul. He dares face the paradox, and because of this the poet sees him crushed and magnificent, gloriously, miserably confronting his own defeat.

A lyrical section follows: *He Imagines that his Puppet has a Dark Dream and Hears Voices*. This old device of the supernatural chorus fits excellently with the scheme of the poem, and these lyrics are as beautiful as any that Mr. Aiken has written, not excepting the *Morning Song* from *Senlin*. The *Fifth Voice* is especially fine.

I am loth to say that the epilogue, *Mountebank Feels the Strings at his Heart*, is the best part of the book, for the book is remarkably well balanced, but this epilogue is of an extraordinary beauty, and makes a perfect pedestal for the whole poem. In it, the drama of the man Punch becomes the tragedy of blind, yearning, cheated humanity. The poet rises to his climax inevitably and with a high seriousness new to his work.

As to the verse itself, Mr. Aiken has never done better, he has sustained his technique surprisingly throughout. His expression is simple, natural, and reads with that ease which is the aim and the despair of all writers. No matter how colloquial or straightforward, the lines are always poetry. Mr. Aiken perfectly understands the handling of the penumbra of fact, that strange region blended of the real and its projected, twisted shadow. A weird, half-unearthly light suffuses his pictures. In two words, he gives an atmosphere:

The night was thick. No moon there was.
The wind made whickerings in the grass.
The willows tapped at the churchyard wall
And we saw, like ghosts, the dead leaves fall.

The confusion of scenic effect so common in his earlier books is absent, except where Punch is introduced to the *Queen of Sheba*. Mr. Aiken needed a redundant recoil from the astringency of most of the poem in this adventure, of course, and this recoil is redundant, but also, I think, a little over profuse. The poet has not mastered it as he has the rest. Its extravagance would have been more telling had he kept it better in hand.

Within the bounds of metre, which Mr. Aiken always prefers, his rhythms are astonishingly varied. No one today understands the manipulation of metrical verse better than Mr. Aiken. The metre chosen for the epilogue is a perfect example of musical and dramatic taste.

A pitiful book, a strong and courageous book, a book worth many attempts and the discipline of many quasi-failures to have achieved. Mr. Aiken proves himself a most original poet, owing to others only what every poet must legitimately owe. That his work falls into none of the chief grooves of American poetry today, is a matter for keen rejoicing. The more different kinds of poetry we have the better. The very divergencies evident at the moment in American poetry are a proof of the flourishing condition of the art.

That Punch is miles over the heads of the public need scarcely be stated, but—and possibly even for that reason—I am willing to suppose that it holds the future firmly in its grasp.

AMY LOWELL.

Averting Future Wars

Causes of International War, by G. Lowes Dickinson. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$1.00.

Economic Imperialism, by Leonard Woolf. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$1.00.

Nationalism, by G. P. Gooch. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$1.00.

The Workers' International, by R. W. Postgate. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$1.00.

Patriotism and The Super-State, by J. L. Stocks. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$1.00.

IT is becoming increasingly clear that one of the best ways to stop the next war is to conduct a searching and dispassionate inquiry into the causes of international conflict. Such an inquiry was almost impossible during the late war. The restrictive legislation imposed by the various belligerent governments made it both difficult and dangerous to discuss the origins and objectives of the war with entire honesty and objectivity. Besides, men were inclined to console themselves for the disillusionments and horrors of the conflict by professing mystical faith in the coming of a new order after the peace, which would somehow eliminate all the old causes of international strife.

The peace has been made, if one can call the Versailles Treaty a peace; but the new order has not appeared. The terms drawn up by the Allied statesmen register the same passions of fear and greed which have dominated all the previous European settlements. Militarism and imperialism have not been exorcised by the defeat of the Central powers. The League of Nations, in its present form, is little more than an alliance of the victors for the joint exploitation of their spoils. Manifestations of aggressive nationalism are as crude and as numerous as ever. It is now evident that the hope of averting future wars lies not in anything that may reasonably be expected of diplomats, but in the creation of a body of liberal sentiment among the peoples strong enough to compel the governments to keep the peace.

These five "handbooks on international relations," edited by Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson, contribute notably to the creation of such a body of sentiment. Quite free from narrow propagandist bias, they bring out certain aspects of the state of international anarchy in which the world has been living and emphasize the vital necessity of supplanting it with some form of international organization.

Mr. Dickinson presents an excellent analysis of the causes of international war. He believes that trade rivalries now constitute the chief factor in driving nations into hostilities. He also holds the professional diplomatic and military classes responsible for the perpetuation of an atmosphere in which war is always more or less consciously regarded as an ultimate certainty.

The author has a psychological explanation for the reckless readiness with which most men and women accept war when it comes. War releases and sanctifies the very worst passions of human nature, directed against the enemy. This form of war psychosis holds good especially with the noncombatant elements in the population. Many people in this country, who, for the best of reasons no doubt, did not go to the front, derived an inestimable amount of pleasure from hating the Germans.

Mr. Dickinson sees in the growing political power of labor the hope, but not the certainty of future peace. For, as he points out, British workmen may conceivably be

corrupted by British imperialists who offer to share with them the profits to be gained from the oppression of subject peoples. The ambiguous and lukewarm attitude of the British Labor party towards the question of Irish self-determination would seem to justify the author's apprehension.

Mr. Dickinson believes that the only practicable preventive of future wars is a genuine league of nations, which, in turn, must grow out of the awakened conscience and understanding of the masses of plain people who fight and pay for wars, but who have hitherto had very little to say about making them.

"The white man's burden," writes Mr. Woolf, "becomes a duty only after, in a fit of absence of mind or in order to fill his pockets, he has placed it upon his own shoulders."

Elaborating this idea, he shows how the expansion of the British empire in America and Asia has proceeded strictly in accordance with the economic interests of private individuals. Considered from a purely businesslike standpoint, imperialism often does not pay. Mr. Woolf proves with facts and statistics that England's commerce with her African colonies is a negligible item in her total foreign trade budget. It certainly would not pay the costs of conquest and occupation. But various individuals and corporations derive considerable financial advantage from the exploitation of the natives. Moreover, the argument can always be advanced that territorial annexations are useful or necessary from the standpoint of imperial security. And there are always literary chauvinists like Rudyard Kipling to emphasize the sacred duty of stimulating the moral welfare, and appropriating the natural resources of the inferior races. So British empire in Africa has steadily expanded, although, as the author observes, "the British taxpayer has paid heavily for the privilege of ruling thirty-five million Africans." Mr. Woolf briefly describes the methods of fraud and force by which a large part of Asia has been brought under European control. As a remedy for the inherent mischiefs of the present scheme of economic imperialism, he recommends the honest application of the principles of the mandatory system outlined in the Covenant of the League of Nations.

Nationalism, as Mr. Gooch points out, was first liberated as an effective force in world affairs by the French Revolution. The triumph of reaction at the Congress of Vienna could not check the spread of the ideal of national unity, which, in its earlier manifestations, was generally associated with political liberalism. By the end of the nineteenth century Germany and Italy had achieved nationhood; but the aspirations of many smaller national groups remained unsatisfied. The Versailles Treaty set free some of these groups; but, as it generally substituted new tyrannies for old, it cannot be said to provide a satisfactory solution of the nationalist problem. Mr. Gooch gives a succinct historical sketch of the development of nationalism in the various European countries from the French Revolution to the present time.

Mr. Postgate is easily the most radical of the contributors to the series. One suspects that he places more faith in the Third International than in the League of Nations as an instrument for the achievement of peace and freedom. He calls the establishment of the First International in 1864 "the most important event of the century." He traces the history of this organization in some detail, and shows what a genuinely significant part it played in arousing working class consciousness throughout western Europe. Ultimately the International was disrupted by the violent quarrel between Marx and Bakunin; and its

remains were liquidated, curiously enough, in Philadelphia. The author analyzes the attitude of the various Socialist parties during the war, and predicts that the Third International will finally absorb all the genuinely vital revolutionary elements in the international Socialist movement.

Mr. Stocks presents a theoretical discussion of the nature of patriotism and nationalism, and arrives at the conclusion that a society of nations, organized for the purpose of preserving world peace, should be able to function without offending the susceptibilities of any ardent nationalist. He is convinced that government, rather than arbitration, is needed, if the world is to be saved from future wars.

W. H. C.

Coquette

Coquette, by Frank Swinnerton. New York: George H. Doran. \$1.90.

IN the mediaeval French Roman de la Rose, there was a wall, and on the wall were painted full length portraits of all the virtues and all the vices. Romancers like to take a virtue or a vice and dress it in a human being. Sometimes the two suit each other very well, so that one can hardly say whether the rosy heroine is a woman or a walking example. In *Coquette*, Mr. Swinnerton has done it very well. He is, of course, no crude exemplifier. His Sally Minto is one of the border-line cases. It makes a nice puzzle to decide whether Mr. Swinnerton said to himself, "Here is a devastating vice, politely called coquetry; what sort of woman shall I dress it in? or whether he began at the human end, saying, "Here is a devastating woman; what is her ruling trait and how far can I safely isolate it?"

If one leans to the guess that he began with the vice, it is because he actually does. Young Sally Minto as early as page eighteen "no longer dreamed about men but was alert in her intention to make everything her tool, and everybody." Her father has died in a drunken brawl, and she is left in a London slum with no assets except wits and the seemingly inspired certainty that men are the short cut to success, i. e., "motor cars and fur lap robes." The only available man, however, is a mere machinist; still Sally goes after him, because "she must have actual experience in rousing men." Part of the campaign for rousing Toby is to henna her indeterminate hair. She wins Toby, but, incidentally, is also won by him, because he awakens passion in her. To keep his portrait simple, Mr. Swinnerton explains that this love was "merely physical." A coquette, apparently, is allowed one physical love affair. Sally's next is neither physical nor a love affair. She nets, with splendid skill, the only son of the wealthy "modiste," for whom she is working. He is known in the establishment as "Gaga" and is a sad type of senile youth. His mother conveniently dies, and he marries Sally whose highest pitch of feeling for him is contemptuous pity. Meanwhile she has kept on the virile and unsuspecting Toby. Still, Toby finds out, and she has to smoothe him into growling acceptance. Then there is a question of paternity; then fears, jealousies and suspicions; then three violent deaths.

Along with the picture of the coquette, there is a good deal of beautifully handled background. Mr. Swinnerton is vividly veracious. He sees and hears. His people walk

and talk, and move with captivating swiftness to their appointed doom. He is serious, and not too serious, and never tedious. It seems ungrateful to complain. Why quarrel with a good book for not being better?—Only in the interest of getting away completely from the faces on the wall of the Roman de la Rose.

SIGNE TOKSVIG.

Selected Current Books

The Cruise of the Kawa, Wanderings in the South Seas, by Walter E. Traprock, F. R. S. S. E. U. Putnams. \$2.00.

A book of travel by the author of *Idle Hours among the Lions*.

My Brother Theodore Roosevelt, by Corinne Roosevelt Robinson. Scribners. \$3.00.

Intimate reminiscences.

Political History of Modern Europe, by Ferdinand Schevill. Harcourt. \$2.50.

A new up-to-date edition of this handbook by the professor of modern history, University of Chicago.

The New World of Islam, by Lothrop Stoddard. Scribners. \$3.00.

A study of the ferment in Islam that has been accelerated by the war.

Turkey, A World Problem of Today, by Talcott Williams. Doubleday. \$3.00.

Advocates an American mandate for Turkey.

Dante, By Héloïse Durant Rose. Oxford Press. \$2.00.

A dramatic poem, fourth edition revised.

Three Soldiers, by John Dos Passos. Doran. \$2.00.

A brilliant and scathing novel of the A. E. F. Source Book for the Economic Geography of North America, by Charles C. Colby. University of Chicago Press. \$4.00.

Author is assistant professor of geography, University of Chicago.

The Journey, Odes and Sonnets, by Gerald Gould. Yale Press. \$1.50.

"A poet of the greatest nobility and distinction," according to Wilson Follett, offers a long ode and fifty sonnets in sequence.

The Captive Lion, and other poems, by William Henry Davies. Yale Press. \$1.50.

A book of short poems.

Profit Sharing by American Employees. The National Civic Federation. \$7.50.

Analyzes over 200 plans in use in this country.

Contributors

JOHN DEWEY, professor of philosophy at Columbia University, has been in China for some time.

ARTHUR RUHL is the author of *The Other Americans*; *Antwerp to Gallipoli*; and *White Nights*. He was correspondent for *Collier's* in France in 1918, and in Finland and the Baltic Provinces in 1919.

EDWARD G. LOWRY was formerly Managing Editor of the *New York Evening Post*. He served in the diplomatic service during the war.

MOISSAYE J. OLGIN, a Russian writer who came to America a few years ago, has recently returned from a six months' visit to Russia. He is the author of *The Soul of the Russian Revolution* and *A Guide to Russian Literature (1820-1917)*.